

# THE GRAMMARIAN

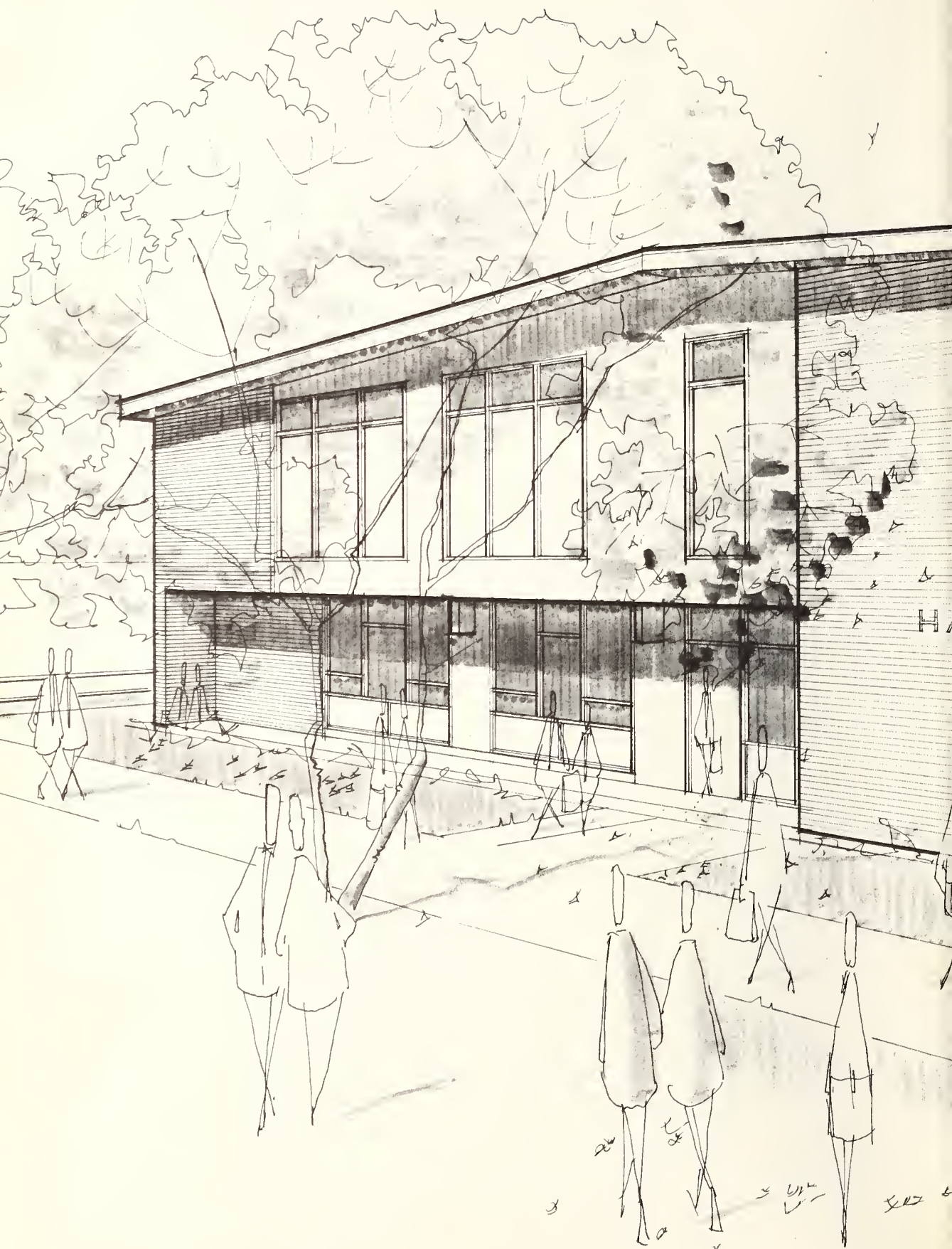


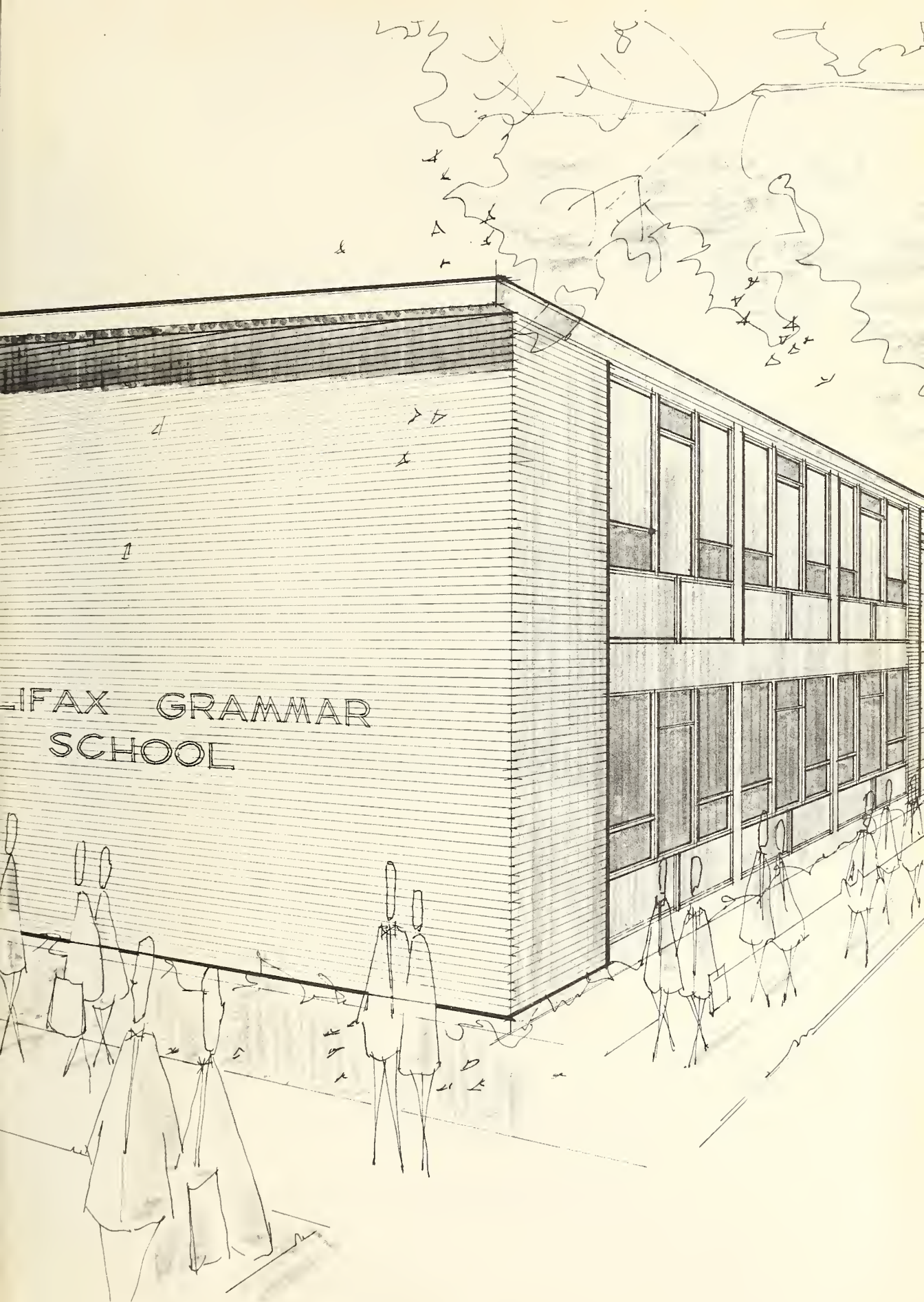
**THIS IS A REFERENCE  
BOOK AND NOT TO BE  
REMOVED FROM THE  
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**1975**

**THE HALIFAX  
GRAMMAR SCHOOL**



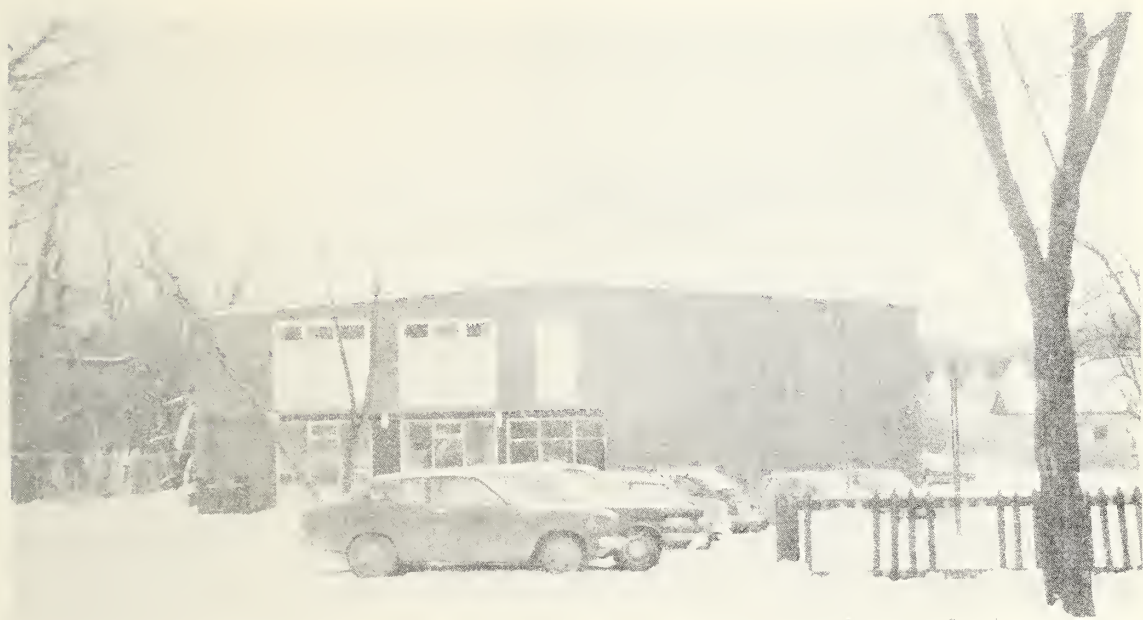








*The Students  
of  
The Halifax Grammar School*



*Welcome  
You  
To  
The 1975 Edition of  
The Grammarian*

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# Dedication



*Sam Morris*

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We the students of the Halifax Grammar School respectfully dedicate the 1975 Grammarian to the memory of the late Dr. Samuel Morris. Although Dr. Morris had not been well for some time his death came with great shock and sadness to all those who had known him.

He was born in Glasgow Scotland in 1905 and in 1928 he graduated with his B.Sc. with honors in pure and agricultural Chemistry from the University of Glasgow. He later earned his doctorate from the same University in 1935 in animal nutrition. From 1929-1952 he was a research biochemist and then later taught at the Heath Clarke Grammar School in Croyden England until 1961 at which time he went to Australia to teach first at Scots College and finally at the Trinity Grammar School before joining the staff at the Halifax Grammar School in September of 1967.

Dr. Morris contributed to many aspects of school life. His high standard of physics teaching led to many top awards received in the physics congress examination by Grammar School Students. His enthusiasm at soccer matches and as Unicorn house advisor will never be forgotten. He brought chess to the school in the form of the chess club and his abiding interest in and eagerness for chess matches encouraged and maintained the students' interest in chess for the past several years.

"Sammy", as he was affectionately known among his students had a great sense of humour and he has been sorely missed this past year.

Ken Gordon  
Editor-in-chief


## *Headmaster's Message*



### *To the Graduates:*

This year's graduates leave the relatively quiet and protected confines of the Halifax Grammar School to face a world that presents them with a rather perplexing picture. On the one hand Canada, and with it most of the developed world, is locked into an inflationary spiral; while on the other hand, unemployment and recession grow. Some do no work because they strike for the higher wages that will result in still high prices, others because there is not enough work to involve everyone who is available for work. Will real growth become the norm again? Will a high rate of unemployment become customary? Will society shift the great value it places on the consumption of the earth's resources for the convenience and pleasure of relatively few people to the utilization of the earth's resources to preserve the quality of our environment for the benefit of all people? In the face of these ponderables, how can a new graduate plan for the future with any degree of certainty? The answer is; of course, that plans for the future cannot be made with the same high degree of certainty to which we have been accustomed.

But Graduates! You can enjoy security in the future — the security that you have now a highly developed imagination and thought process. When you grapple with the problems that inevitably you will face, your imagination will raise a variety of solutions for your thinking to explore. Your thought processes will show you how to implement those solutions which satisfy your common sense, ethics, and morals best. You have met the very stiff academic challenge that the Halifax Grammar School offers and you have met it well. The sound minds you have developed in response to this challenge should permit you to meet any future challenge, I am certain, with confidence and poise — if you believe in yourselves. I believe in you and am proud of each and everyone of you.

  
C.D. GRIMSON  
HEADMASTER



# *Staff*



Front Row: M. Massé, Mrs. MacPherson, Mr. Curtis, Mr. Grimson, Mr. Fyfe, Miss Seems, Mrs. von Maltzahn.

Second Row: Mrs. Scobbie, Mrs. Wright, Mr. Spencer, Mr. Fry, Mr. Montgomery, Mr. Johnstone, Mr. Steele, Mrs. Hirtle.



Mrs. Shuter



Miss Sievert

## *Editorial Board*



### GRAMMARIAN STAFF

Back Row: J. Cuperfain, Mr. Montgomery, T. Manuge, S. Hawkins

Front Row: G. Gomery, H. Conter, K. Gordon, R. Cuperfain, J. Schwartz

The members of the Editorial Board of the Grammarian of 1975 wish to thank all those who have aided in the production of this year's Grammarian. We would like to thank all the staff and students for their co-operation on the day that class and club photographs were taken. Also we thank Miss Sievert and Mr. Hennigar for putting up with us throughout the year and especially during the March Break.

The Editorial Board appreciates very much the time put in by the typists and their patience with the members of the Board. Special thanks goes to Joel Cuperfain, Geoff Gomery, Cynthia Grover, Meg Helleiner and Alice Lim.

We are especially grateful to those who have assisted us throughout the year. Mr. Johnstone, who compiled all the Upper School literature, Mr. David Cuperfain who supplied much of the photographic equipment on the day of the class and club photographs and also for his advise on photography and most important of all, Mr. Montgomery who, as our staff advisor was always there when we needed him.

Ken Gordon  
Editor-in-chief

### EDITORIAL BOARD

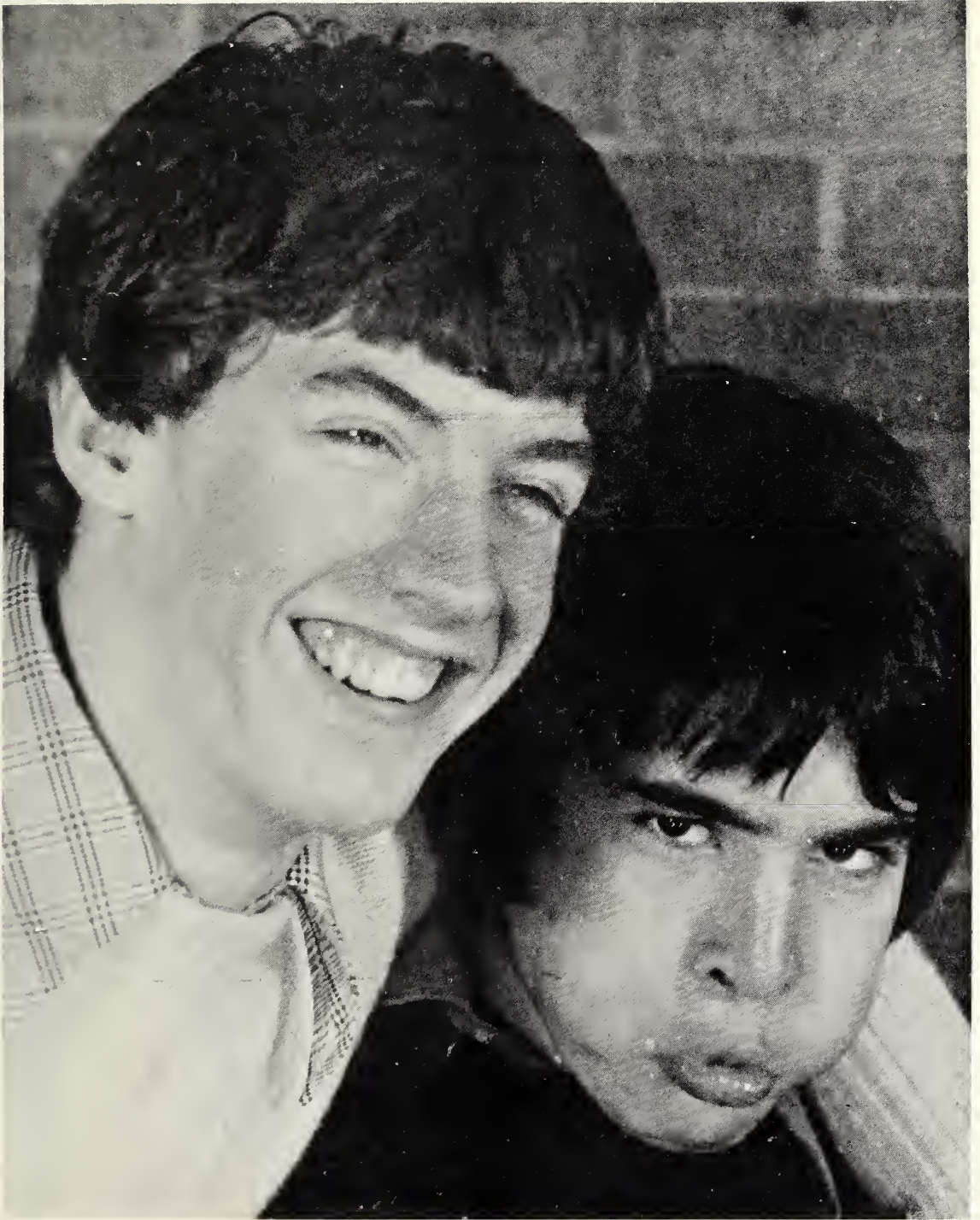
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Ronnie Cuperfain  
Ronnie Cuperfain  
Tim Manuge  
Joel Cuperfain  
Howard Conter  
Sean Hawkins  
Julie Schwartz  
Geoff Gomery  
Peter Montgomery



# The Grads



## PERRI CHRISTINE ERNST

"Nuts" Anthony Clement McAuliff 1898

When Perri isn't around in the classroom you can be sure to find her in the office helping the secretary or in the gym teaching the younger children gymnastics. She has a particular talent with younger kids and is therefore able to communicate with them. For the past two years she has helped to organize the formal for the graduates. She also holds the position of Vice-president of the 1974-75 Students' Council. She is very much interested in studying physical education and music. At present, Perri plans to get her B.A. before making any definite plans for the future.



## ANDREW HEARD

"My Lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant of what hath mov'd you" the Duke of Albany.

For the past five years the class has been blessed by Andrew's presence. With a good sense of humour, he has often brought smiles to the faces of those around him. He has been a very active member of the class during his time with us. Besides earning a place on the Reach For the Top team, he has also held the position of class representative on the Students' Council during the past year. Perhaps this explains why everybody goes to him when they have a problem. Next year, Andrew intends to bless Dalhousie with his presence. It will certainly be their gain and the school's loss — not to mention his own gain — a full scholarship.



## NICK HILL

"I got it, Sir . . ."

A person who never hesitates to help others makes Nick very easy to regard as a good friend. It is always amusing to be with him for he is always in high spirits and has special talent and a great sense of humour in making people laugh.

His favorite hobbies are skiing and soccer, and he has demonstrated a conspicuous talent in both.

Nick intends to enter Acadia University next year and plans to make a career in parks and forestry. We would like to wish him success and happiness in the coming years.





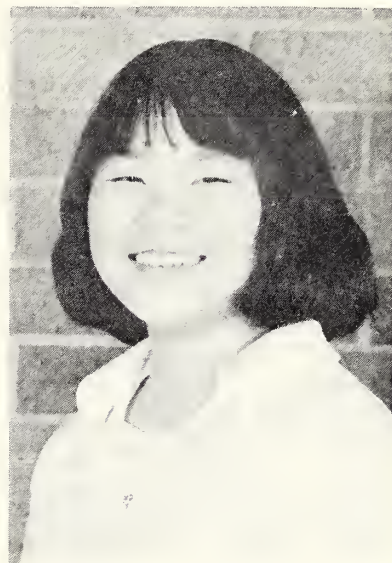
VINSON LEUNG

Vinson started in the Halifax Grammar School only two years ago. His personality and character have added to our class. Some of his many interests are swimming, cycling, music, and cooking. (Exception — severe, cold weather). His favourite subjects are Chemistry and possibly, French!!! A few times Vinson has dropped in on M. Masse's classes to listen to a talk about Antigone (N. B. Vinson doesn't even speak French). Travelling is very much a part of Vinson's life, for he says "he can see and learn more." Last summer he was in New York and this past Christmas he was in Montreal and Toronto. In the future, as well as seeing more of Canada, he plans to go to Dalhousie University to take his B.Sc. and diploma in engineering.

ALICE LIM

"What is the use of a book", thought Alice, "without pictures or conversations?" Lewis Carrol

Alice Lim is one of the longest living survivors of the Grammar School, having been here since grade Three. She has persevered and done well, even though she left her parents in Malaysia, to live with assorted brothers and sisters here in Halifax. She takes all the ribbing of her classmates in stride and dishes it back at them at full strength. She has distinguished herself as a prize Driver-Ed student, and her taste in fashionable shoes and hats has become a living legend.



GABRIEL MAK

"Be silent and safe — silence never betrays you". John Boyle O'Reilly

Gabby, as he has become known, is the quietest person in the class. Most of us are not always conscious of his presence. But he is noticed when he is commended for a good history seminar, or when he laughs at the jokers in his class. Gabby's English has become quite good. He is an asset to the plays put on once a week. Although Gabby is not sure of what he will do next year, wherever he finds himself, he will definitely do well.



DAVID MURRAY

"Bass is Beautiful."

Since Grade 6 David has been a very important member of our class. He is by far the best musician in U 6 and he intends to make a career in the world of music. For many people around the school the word "bass" is synonymous with David Murray. With countless concerts and many tiring hours of practice, David has quite a work load and yet he still finds time for painting and sketching which indicates another talent of his. This summer he will be playing with the National Youth Orchestra with other great student musicians.

Among other things, David was this year substitute for the Reach For The Top team, and as usual he was standing by ready and willing to help. He will certainly be remembered by all of us, no matter where his music may take him.

CHRIS PAVLOVSKI

"Give me the young man who has brains enough to make a fool of himself." Robert Louis Stevenson

Chris Pavlovski after having completed his fourth year at the Grammar School leaves with the good standing with which he entered. Chris is a man of many resources. Of these his humour, although somewhat eccentric, is the best known. Chris plans to attend whichever university accepts him first, and has intentions of studying architecture. Chris is also an avid sportsman, having an abundance of sports paraphernalia which some day he plans to learn how to use. Treasurer, head of finance committee and scholar par excellence, the wit and wisdom of Chris Pavlovski will truly be missed in the coming years.



ROBERT LAWRENCE QUIGLEY

"Please sir, I want some more". Charles Dickens — Oliver

Rob is a twelve-year veteran of the school and this year will probably be his most satisfying. His boyhood dream came true when he got the presidency of the students' council and could finally put the teachers in their places, which is shown by his unusually high marks this year. Rob was also the big left wing on the soccer team this year and his blazing boots stunned the crowds and the "babes" as he calls them. His hot dog "don't care" skiing style and his being a sailing instructor "brings the babes running." Rob has been accused of being Chinese, Jewish, Buddhist and Eskimo. Who knows? He's interested in Harvard, U. of T., and Dal, though the final choice is yet to be made.





## JOHN CAESAR VACCA

"You can accomplish by kindness what you cannot do by force". Publius Syrus

John or "Pino" as he is fondly called by his classmates is a three year veteran of the school. John's three most distinctive characteristics are his fanatic love of cars, tennis, and photography, however he cannot enjoy his extra-curricular activities until he has completed his school work.

An ardent music fan, John devotes much of his time and interest to his drums and his newly purchased tape machine. He has produced the H.G.S. dances to date and the success of these can be attributed to his fine taste in music.

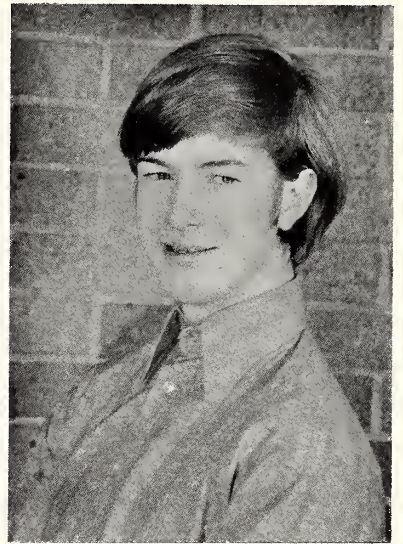
John is a student who has tried a little of everything. He has faced the surf off Peggy's Cove in his scuba suit, he has become quite proficient in the oriental art of Karate, and more recently experimented with the intricate sport of fencing.

His daily smiles and his perpetual politeness, which is rather difficult in this year's graduating class, will be greatly missed next year when he heads for Dalhousie. Someday John hopes to enter law after completing a commerce degree.

## GORDON YOULE

"Science is vastly more stimulating to the imagination than are the classics." John Burdon Sanderson Haldane.

Gordon, one of the silent minority of our class has endured for 6 long years at H. G. S. He has established himself as a chess player being one of the most valuable players on the former chess teams. He greatly enjoys electronics, making innumerable inventions. Tutoring takes up some of his spare time also. He is a wiz-kid when it comes to Physics, Chemistry and Biology as well as Math. There are often long lines in front of his desk of people who need much help. Next year Gord will mingle with the crowd at Dalhousie.



	PET BEEF	FAVORITE SAYING	SEEN MOST	WOULD BE	WILL BE
P. H. Montgomery	Anyone under 20	If you like . . .	wood-working class	Story teller	Carpenter
P. Ernst	Fellow Class mates	They're either literally crazy or they come in cans	School office	Pianist	School secretary
G. Mak	Calories	He, He, He,	SMU	Weight lifter	Engineer
V. Leung	English Language	What is 10 miles long?	In the gym	French teacher	Actor
A. Lim	Low shoes and long dresses	Who's wearing a lampshade	At library	Driver Ed Instructor	Driver Ed Student
J. Vacca	Soap	Where's my hat?	Gondola	Lawyer	Pizzerian
C. Pavlovski	Parklanes	Get out of my lunch, Vinson.	McDonald's	Architect	CIA Agent
N. Hill	Tidiness	Let's go down to the Spoon.	Halifax West	Forrester	Scribe
A. Heard	Morality	Where's McBrine?	Stalled in Vega	Communist Revolutionary	Historian
D. Murray	All Sciences	Bass is Beautiful	At home playing bass	Basketball coach	Symphony player
G. Youle	Viewers of test marks	5-4-3-2-1 NOW	In the Convent	Math Teacher	Fencer
R. Quigley	Teachers' Marking System	Could the answer be . . .	In charge	Leader	Capitalist Pig.





## *Prep School*



*“Prep Power!”*

# Prep One



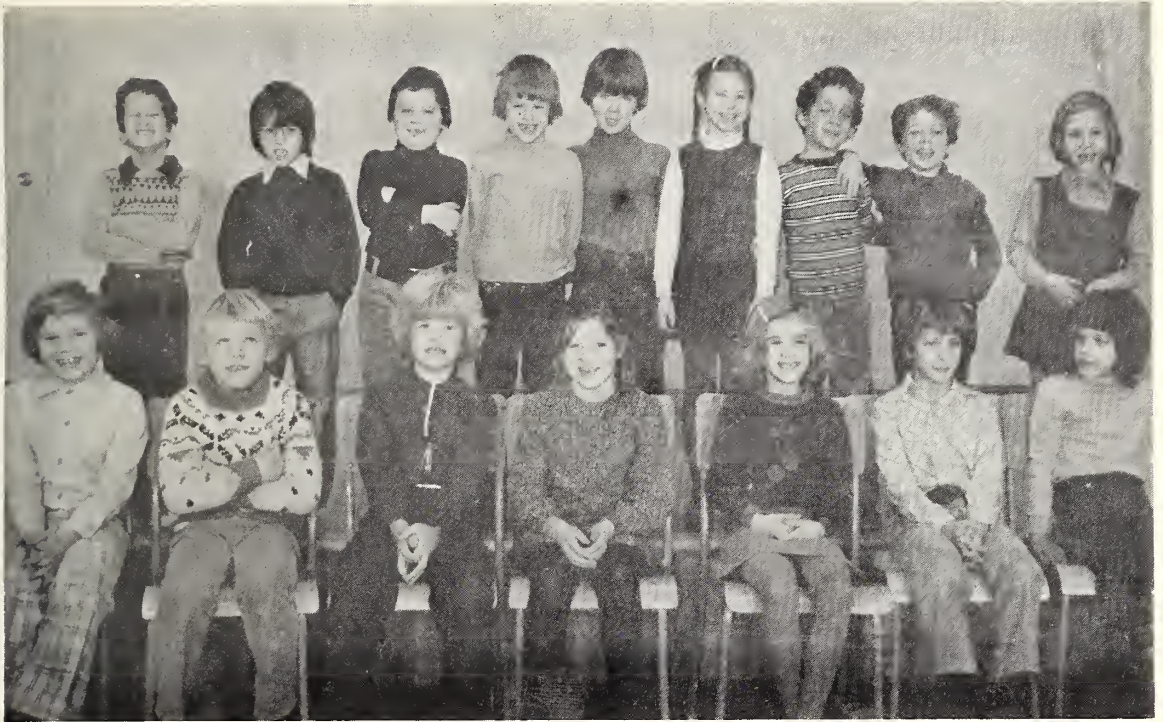
Back Row: Mrs. Wright, A. Nevo, M. Unroe, B. Dorrance, S. Green, J. Humphries, M. Murphy, P. You, L. Mealia, J. Ferguson, D. Carpenter.

Front Row: C. Dykes, R. Jacobson, J. Chadwick-Jones, C. Thibeau, L. Murphy.

Rosalee Jacobson  
 John Chadwick-Jones  
 Jay Ferguson  
 Chris Thibeau  
 Stefanie Green  
 Cory Dykes  
 Amir Nevo  
 Bradley Dorrance  
 Matthew Grimson  
 Danielle Carpenter  
 Peter You  
 Maya Unroe  
 Liam Murphy  
 Jim Humphries  
 Laura Mealia  
 Matthew Murphy



# *Prep Two*



Back Row: A. Harris, I. Nevo, S. Thompson, D. Crowley, P. Keefe, B. Roscoe, A. Stern, A. Novac, F. Wallace.

Front Row: J. Clark, E. Davis, G. Hamilton, L. Cameron, J. Abbot, D. Hamlin, A. Conter.

Absent: R. Coyette, Mrs. Muir

I like school because I like the teachers. **Patrick**

My best subject in the lower school is gym. We play games. **Louise**

I like reading the best because it is easy work. **Arlene**

I like school because it is fun and I like the teachers. **Jane**

I like reading in school. **Brigid**

I like Math cause it is fun. **Erik**

I like French. **Steve**

I like school because it is very fun. **Adam**

I like the school. I wish I could stay next year. I don't know if I can. **David**

I like gym. **Jem**

I like gym. **Igal**

I think gym is a fun period. **Anthony**

I like school because I do cool stuff. **Daniel**

I like school because Math is so easy and I like stories. **Alan**

I like school because I like recess. **Robert**

In music I just love that music so much I like to fake fake fake so much. **Faith**

## Prep Three



Front Row: J. Glube, M. Pink, D. Maley, S. Caines, M. Burnell, I. Sneddon, J. Crick, E. Murphy,  
Second Row: R. Williams, J. Lannon, J. King, A. Fillmore, C. Mitchell, B. O'Halloran, P. Carver, N.  
Cote.  
Third Row: Mr. Fry, P. York, K. Beckett, J. Fairhurst, N. Rees, D. MacMaster, S. Brown, W.  
Mealiea, P. Roscoe.

I think this is the best class I've ever had. — **Sarah**

I think Prep 3 was lots of fun this year. — **Benedict**

It was fun in school. Patrick made jokes — **Duncan**

It was fun and a little hard but it was fun. I liked it very much especially learning how to write. **Jane**

What did the priest say when the church burnt down? Answer: Holy smoke. — **Peter**

I had a lot of fun but now I have to go next year to Mahone Bay, bye now. — **Russell**

I liked Prep 3 and Mr. Fry is a very nice teacher. — **Mark**

It is a very boring year. — **David**

What I liked about Prep 3 was Jane Fairhurst. (She's elsewhere in this issue). — **Kirsten**

I like the Grammar School it is nice. I learnt a lot with Mr. Fry. This is the best school I ever went to. — **Nancy R.**

I had fun in my class and my best friend is Susan Brown. — **Elaine**

In grade 3 I have enjoyed myself very much. Mr. Fry is the best teacher that I ever had. —  
**Susan**

I think you've been a very nice school and I want to come here for my second year. — **Jan**  
Everybody calls me cheap janitor. — **Michael**

I didn't like it one bit. — **Wallace**

I like Mister Fry. He is very nice. He does not get angry often. — **Paul**

I had a lot of friends this year. — **Joseph**

This year was a nice year. — **John**

I think Prep 3 was very dull . . . you know, work, work, work! — **Julian**

When Joseph threw the molasses cookies at the ceiling and they stuck there! — **Andrew**

This year I finished two reading books. The titles are: "Wings of Wonder and Flights" and  
"Near and Far". It was a lot of fun — **Nancy C.**

This year at our school it was rotten. Our bathrooms stinked and to top it off we had David.  
— **Patrick**



# Prep Four



Front row: N. Hawkins, N. Stanbury, P. Kundzins, M. Belitsky, D. Crick, S. Perth, J. Chen, J. Abbott.  
Second Row: C. Lee, B. McKee, B. Harris, P. Cote, H. Green, M. Damtoft, J. Carver, D. Scott, J. You,  
K. Grimson, S. Murphy, E. Wallace. Teacher: Miss Seems

Mrs. Seems is a good teacher. — **Judith Abbot**

This class is real groovy. — **Michael Belitsky**

This is a classic classroom. — **Jason Chen**

This is a groovy classroom! — **Paul Cote**

Gym class is groovy man groovy! — **David Crick**

Much harder and more work. — **Mariam Damtoft**

I like all my teachers. **Howie Green**

I like gym because we do nice things and I like math. — **Kristin Grimson**

I like school this year and the teachers are very nice. — **Beth Harris**

I like the activities this year. — **Nancy Hawkins**

This school is neeto. — **Paul Kundzins**

A. O. K. — **Christopher Lee**

This class is cool. — **Steven Murphy**

I love cars there really sharp. — **Sven Perth**

Art is ZOWIE! — **David Scott**

Recess and lunch is my favorite subject. — **Norman Stanbury**

Mathematics and Music are my favorite subjects. — **Ewen Wallace**

Math and music is my favorite subject. — **John You**

## Prep Five



Front Row: L. Risley, R. Sinclair, A. Boswell, M. Rhude, M. Shaw, A. Badley, J. Guy, L. Cameron.  
Second Row: Mr. Spencer, L. LePierres, D. Foster, S. McLachlan, A. Paton, M. Caines, D. Holden, T. Duncan, T. Brandys, J. Dorrance, K. Nathanson.  
Absent: S. Walling, D. Murphy.

- This class is so funny that Jeff and David jump and roll over.
- Sir Spencer is a really fun guy.
- I like Mr. Spencer as a teacher.
- Laura Cameron wants to avoid this, too.
- My personality in class is almost zitch.
- I am a complete failure.
- Mr. Spencer hangs people by the underwear, on the wall.
- Mr. Spencer is a nice guy, but other people think he is bad.
- Mr. Spencer isn't strict!
- Michael Rhude knows the wall.
- The lack of discipline in the class bothers me.
- Every Monday in Math class Mr. Spencer always says to Mike R., "You Block Head."
- Chubby people are jolly, and so is Sir.
- God Bless America!
- Mr. Spencer Kindhearted, determined, and lovely.
- Would you believe it — Michael R. is not able to think of anything to say!
- When Mr. Spencer gets mad he never fails to say, "It's Wednesday. It's that damn Full moon."
- No comment.
- Mr. Spencer is a really nice person out of school.
- I think Mr. Spencer is a nice guy. Except at times he becomes a sourpuss.
- Who said you had to love them all the time?



# Prep Six



*Names are listed from right to left.*

Front Row: D. Kennedy, P. Rees, M. Aaron, C. Caines, C. Mingo, D. Calda, I. Macleod, T. Norvell.

Second Row: A. Pugsley, A. Newman, I. Wood, M. Vohra, A. McKee, R. Khokhar, L. Murphy, A. Young, Mr. J. Steele.

Third Row: J. Embil, R. Vethamany, R. Sinclair, C. Belitsky, H. LePierres, V. Menasce, T. Schandl, H. McIvor.

One day after co-ed gym in the changing room, Theresa Schandl felt extremely hot after exerting herself. She unfortunately turned on the shower full blast. Then I started screaming "There's a flood, it's flooding!" All us girls started laughing. Theresa finally turned the shower off and came out drenched, and of course Amy threw my shoes in the water. — Catherine Belitsky

In this class we have a fairly new method of doing environmental studies. Instead of the usual two projects a month, with modern technology we now have three a week. And with another breakthrough called "Weekly Assignments" we now have three more small projects a day. Charles Mingo

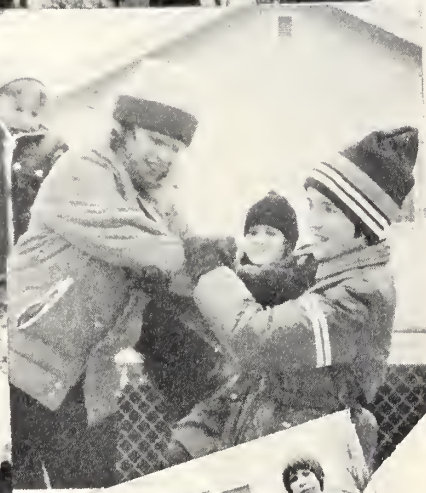
I think fencing is the best sport I have ever participated in and I think Mrs. Scobbie is a great teacher. — Marc Arron

## OUR GUINEA PIG "MICKEY"

Our guinea pig is a nice little fellow. Everybody likes him. He fits in perfectly with the class. — Ian Wood

I was very happy when Prep 6 gave a Christmas party for themselves. It was one of the messiest rooms in the school but as long as we enjoyed ourselves, it was worth cleaning up in the end. It was truly a happy day. — Manoj Vohra







## *Upper School*





# Upper One



Back Row: Mr. S. Curtis, S. Patterson, S. Murray, P. Hart, C. Ozere, A. Welch, E. Rees, J. Aquino.  
 Middle Row: K. Harris, S. Hamlin, A. Wallace, J. Blanchard, K. Damtoft, R. Kamra, C. Jacobson, A. Paton.  
 Front Row: J. Cuperfain, J. Badley, N. Mingo, K. Crick, R. Jannasch, M. Hawkins, P. Buell, T. Conter.

*Missing: Lynda Medjuck*

Where would Upper 1 be without:

Jose's jokes

Jennifer's gymnastics

Jonathon's wisecracks and comments

Peter's grossing everyone out.

Tema's humour (to those who realize it's there)

Kevin's afro

Joel's singing

Karen's love for athletics

Paul's love for Carrie

Mike's "weirdness"

Suzanne's volleyball serve

Kate's woolens

Ravi's pyromania

Carrie's love for Paul

Lynda's boyfriends

Sean's F. A.

Nancy's care

Chris's ability to act up in class and make the teachers think its their fault

Amy's loud voice

Buffy's lack of height

Ashley's younger sister

Andrew's ability to make a mess out of anything he undertakes.

Mr. Curtis's good nature (or lack of same).



# Upper Two



Front Row: P. Brigeo, D. Carver, A. Porter, M. Honig, R. Buhr, K. Martin, H. Grover, B. Padmore.  
 Second Row: Mr. Fyfe, P. Sable, B. Saltzburg, B. MacLean, J. Ritchie, P. Gow, T. Dickey, I. Winter.  
 Third Row: D. Harris, J. Wollman, P. Graham, D. Linton, A. Feetham, C. Schandl, L. Burgess.

Mr. Fyfe leaves his beard and goldilocks hair growing and growing and growing . . .

Paul leaves as a chimney sweep

Danny leaves perverted as ever

Lori leaves her diet book to P. J.

Barb leaves with her dog whistle voice.

Thom leaves the "Prep Sweetheart"

Itta leaves her funky ski goggles on a trade-in for an un "caper" d accent.

Paula leaves complaining to the referee.

Andrew leaves with modesty his best policy.

Perry leaves borrowing and never returning.

Brad leaves intoxicated.

Anne leaves Tom Dickey confused.

Phil leaves bold, dashing, debonair.

Judy leaves as "Mrs. Wilt Chamberlain".

Cathy leaves sleeping in her locker.

Ricky leaves his netminding abilities to playing jacks.

Martin leaves with a beard.

Breck leaves his split personality of "Geeck" to more important things.

David leaves but returns moments later saying "But look at it from this angle, sir".

Blair leaves with someone next year able to pronounce his last name.

Hilary leaves with the milkman.

Kim leaves a freckled Kimby.

Jennifer leaves not wanting to come back.

David leaves as a snowball but comes back as a powder puff.

Phil leaves like he does in the middle of every math class.

Jeff leaves with a dignified derierre.

Where is  
 Peter  
 Akerman?

# Upper Three



Front Row: C. van Leeuwen, J. Cheung, B. MacLean, T. Terriss, V. Cunningham, K. Martin, M. nuge, N. Guy.

Second Row: Mr. Johnstone, R. Buhariwalla, J. Thompson, S. Murray, P. McIntyre, R. Dawson, J. Webster, R. Hirsch, T. Ozere.

Absent: A. Lawler, J. Lawler, S. Newman, S. E. Lim.

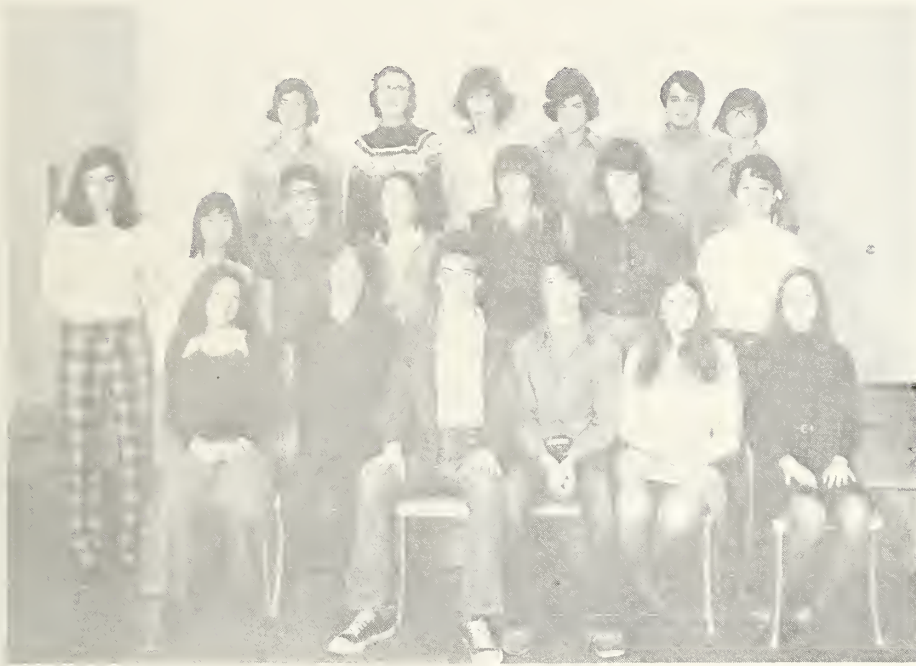
Where would Upper 3 be without:

Tom's levi shirt  
Clay's cheeks  
Jerome's legs  
Jennie's competition  
Norma's sweaters  
Penny's bangs  
Robert's jokes  
Richard's arms  
Shawna's afro  
Reeshad's cool  
Jeff's fingernails  
Karen's chicken soup  
Bruce's girl  
Marianne's giggles  
Jackie's profile  
Susan's appendix  
Tim's sadism  
Ann's charm  
Vivien's height  
Ariane's red road runners  
Mr. Johnstone's moods

We the writers of this article being of sound  
mind and body leave:  
Richard a rubber ducky  
Shawna a pot of lip gloss  
Reeshad Susan Murray  
Robert a pair of ballet shoes  
Penny her size 4 ring  
Tom elevator shoes  
Karen beef noodle soup  
Susan Murray still chewing  
Jenny's straight jacket  
Vivien growth pills  
Jerome next year's position as captain of  
Glooscap  
Clay breathless  
Norma a square mile handkerchief  
Tim a petrified apple core  
Jeff some cubes  
Bruce a girdle  
Jackie a belt  
Marianne laughing gas  
Ariane her brother  
Ann a basketball  
Mr. Johnstone a T. V.



# Upper Four



Front Row: M. Helleiner, C. Webster, S. Hawkins, T. Manuge, C. Grover, J. Schwartz.  
 Second Row: Mrs. MacPherson, J. Chen, R. Cuperfain, S. Gillis, J. Bugden, P. Hunt, J. Szerb,  
 Third Row: R. Cohn, J. Welsh, W. Forrestal, M. Sullivan, H. Conter, J. Chen

We the writers of this article being of sound  
 mind and body hereby leave to:

Jacques a new subscription to Playgirl  
 Jay a cold remedy  
 Joyce an understanding brother  
 Rob a tape recorder to listen to himself  
 anytime he wants.  
 Meg her grandfather  
 Sue another boyfriend, another enemy  
 Will pep pills for school  
 Jen a chem book that tells it all  
 Julie an 8 x 10 glossy of Mr. Naud  
 Tim a duplicate key to a volvo  
 Howie a good joke book  
 Ronnie hair rollers  
 Sean Mrs. Hirtle  
 Cynthia a season pass to Chateau Halifax  
 Phil a road map to Ridgewood Ave.  
 Martin two matchsticks and no paper  
 Jon a room in the N.S.  
 Chris a room at the Schwartz's  
 Mrs. MacPherson a 38 . . . (pistol to control  
 Rob Cohn)  
 Paul Wong a scholarship to the Grammar  
 School.

Where would Upper 4 be without:

Jay's big mouth  
 Jacques' Kodiak boots  
 Joyce's nicely cut hair  
 Rob's well done assignments  
 Howard's good jokes - ha, ha  
 Ronnie's "this is the best history essay I've  
 ever done."  
 Sean's chewing the cud  
 Meg's wardrobe  
 Sue's men or lack of same  
 Cynthia's B.Ed.  
 Willy's coat of many colours (Josef)  
 Jennifer's contacts  
 Julie's admiration of teachers  
 Tim's wheels  
 Phil's Beatlemania  
 Martin's Latin Lust  
 John's organizational ability  
 Chris's love affair(s)  
 Mrs. Macpherson's "Rob . . . Quiet please."  
 Paul Wong's attendance record

# Upper Five



Front Row: C. Feetham, N. Von Maltzahn, M. Masse, E. Jannasch, C. Schandl, W. Mayo.  
Second Row: F. Buhariwalla, M. Burnstein, K. Gordon, G. Gomery, H. Glube.

## Last Will and Testament:

We the writers of this article, being of sound mind and body, hereby leave:

- to Farokh: a North American Cook Book
- to Matthew: a gas mask and a new transmission for his car
- to Ken: all the girls in the class
- to Harry: his own Bavaria
- to Geoff: position as next year's Editor on the Grammarian
- to Emma: a do-it-yourself (Em)manuel
- to Wade: Rob Cohn as head referee, especially for basketball
- to Chris: some brilliant idears
- to Nick: a pass to the L. B. R. with a girl of his choice — I wonder who? Will she accept?
- to Charles: a make-it-rich book, a book of capital cities, and a history of the Hungarian revolution
- to M. Masse: a walking baby factory

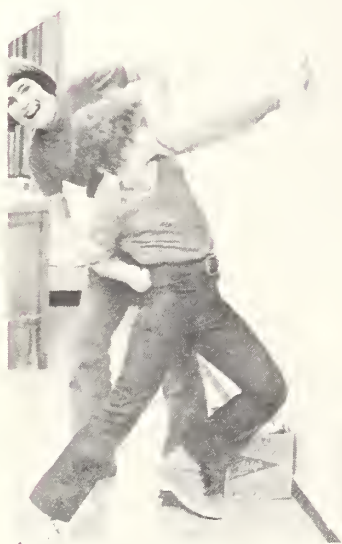
## Where would Upper 5 be without:

- Farouk's curry.
- Matthew "Tikea Gidola"
- Nick's conceit . . . (no never)
- Emma's concise notes in French, Physics, History . . .
- Harry's absolute knowledge of everything
- Geoff's ability to concede defeat
- Charles' love of tape recorders
- Wade's big lunches
- Ken's wives
- Chris' peanut butter sandwiches
- M. Massé's Greek method
- Barb Minguy - (oh, she didn't come this year.)











# *Prep School Literature*

## IN THE SEA

In the sea there's lots to see  
But who, who is the king?  
Who shall it be? who shall it be?  
Who shall we crown king of the sea?  
Louise Cameron (P2)

## LARRY THE LIZARD

Once there was a lizard named Larry. Larry  
the lizard was once in a blizzard, and Larry  
the lizard got stepped on by a wizard. He went  
up to heaven and counted to seven and in the  
morning he was eleven.

Anonymous

## THE SEA

The sea  
is not just water.  
It lives  
    and breathes  
    with a surging life force  
    in a strange  
    unconquered empire,  
vast and frightening  
corals and whorals and animals  
strange  
    blue clean  
    hazy  
heaving and pushing  
reluctant to let man learn  
it's  
age old secrets.

Chris Caines (P6)

## THE CIRCUS

Wash your hands  
Neat as a pin,  
Circus clowns are marching in.

Howie Green (P4)

## BIRDS IN THE SKY

Birds in the sky,  
Flying so high,  
Where will they land,  
On my blueberry pie,  
Where do they go,  
And when will they land,  
Maybe tonight in the palm of my hand.  
The End

Beth Harris (P4)

## THE SEA

The sea sings a song of whistling waves,  
Thrashing against the ocean caves,  
Of jellyfish floating over the ocean deep,  
While on the sea floor the starfish creep.  
In the calm waters the tiny swim.  
All to the beat of the ocean hymn.

Tim Brandys (P5)

## SUNNY BUNNY

Sunny bunny ate his tummy and thought it  
was yummy, it was so yummy he ate his  
mummy's tummy. Poor Sunny Bunny now he  
has no tummy and no mummy.

Michael Belitsky (P4)

### CLICK!

This little boy was fooling around with the television. He kept turning the channels at the craziest times. And this is how it went:

"Welcome to your favorite station . . .

(Click) "Goldilocks and the three bears. Once there were three bears. Their porridge was too hot, so they went out for a . . ."

(Click) "dish of dogfood. It's especially good if you make your dog . . .

(Click) "Do yoga everyday. It's good for your health. If you have weak . . .

(Click) "Spare ribs, cook them with . . .

(Click) "Bob Macdonald's Chevrolets. We run a very simple . . .

(Click) "yoga show, watch it every . . ."

Poof! He blew a fuse. (Sorry we cannot finish the story) so long.

Mariam Damtoft and David Scott(P4)

Once upon a time, there was a wicked witch and she could not do magic. She wished to have a princess for her slave so one night she went to a castle and peeked in the window of the princess' room and she went in. The princess was asleep and the witch lifted the bed out of the window into the yard and carried it to her cave. When the princess woke up she was very scared and she had to do the dishes and the supper and breakfast and lunch - she had to do everything. One day a prince came riding in the forest and saw the princess in the garden and said will you marry me? And she said yes, and the prince said yes and the prince killed the witch and they lived happily ever after.

Jane Abbot(P2)

### THE CANDLE

The candle stands straight and tall,  
Giving a gentle light,  
and merrily burns —  
warm and yellow and bright.  
It flickers up and down,  
and slowly, slowly melts;  
and then, it's gone.

Laura Cameron(P5)

### IT'S NOVEMBER

It's November.  
The leaves are falling from the trees,  
The birds fly south so they won't freeze,  
There's frost in the evening breeze,

It's November,  
The sky is dreary all day long,  
We miss the robins' morning song,  
The garden's flowers are all gone,

It's November,  
We plan for Christmas, coming soon,  
We long to hear a Christmas tune,  
We long for school to end in June,  
It's November.

Kenneth Nathanson(P5)

### THE SPOOK

Trickety, rickety, creaks the floor,  
Walks the spook across the door.  
Hardly a noise, seldom he speaks,  
Up and across the floor he sneaks.

His face is fate,  
His cloak is hate,  
The fire 'tis kindled 'round him.

When back to rest,  
In his coffin nest,  
He waits for the next full moon.

Jeff Dorrance(P5)

Once upon a time, there was an old farmer and his wife. They were very poor. One day his wife got very sick; she had a heart attack, but she got better. But one day the farmer's cow died. So the farmer had just an old teapot left. He did not know it was magic. One day his wife polished it and the next day they found one million dollars, and they were rich for ever after.

Arlene Conter(P2)



# Upper School Literature

## BRASS ROBOT

Out of molten metal,  
Burning coals.  
Is born a brazen man.

His heart is made of glass,  
And bouncing beads inside him  
Make up his life force.

He shines in the sun,  
Blazing like a beacon,  
Watching people go to their deaths  
In broken bodies.

He is laughing at the graveyard,  
After all it's only made of brass.

He stops,  
And feels,  
Corrosion and creaking looseness  
In his joints  
As he looks at the wrecking yard.

He shrugs it off  
And laughs again;  
He doesn't know;  
After all,  
He's only made of brass.

Wade Mayo(U5)

## REFLECTIONS

The grass stops growing with  
the coming fall  
Unable to draw the life  
It slurped from the summer sun  
Yet staying a stubborn green  
Oh what a sight!  
Chromatic trees on a lush  
green lawn  
Flocks of birds raise their lilting  
voices  
But soon Robins and Jays have  
taken wing  
Bare trees and brown grass now left as  
mute statues  
The world is bound in a frozen stare  
Till spring sounds the midnight of  
enchanted toy soldiers.

Andrew Heard(U6)

## A THOUGHT

The written thought is a tiger,  
Hiding in words,  
Waiting to strike, and leap out,  
At the reader.  
It consumes the mind,  
Devours the imagination,  
Gnawing gently at the subconscious,  
For hours, or even days,  
Later to fade, forgotten,  
Into the inky blackness of a memory,  
Perhaps to return  
Perhaps to remain hidden,  
Gathering dust, for an eternity.

Jonathan Welch(U4)

## SEA-HORSE

Sea-horse drawn by moon candle  
Like fishermen their tide-run lives  
Heads held high against the swell  
Paddling themselves with hummingbird  
strokes  
Unicorns in and out entirely  
Cantering on kelp and carrageen  
Who believes in ghosts and dragons  
Yet I see him lying on the beach  
A little thing a horny coil  
Smeared in sea-weed  
Swept with sand  
A sea-gull passes by him  
Little monster from the deep.

Nicholas Hill(U6)

## THE ROOM

The handsome clock stood in the room's corner.

Then sounded its chimes twice,  
Yet another four to designate the  
Awakening hour. Ominously the clock  
Beats, almost with life, and the chair sways in  
time.

Towards the window the welcome rays  
Glisten against the milky leaves of the  
sprawling fern.

And the clock beats, the chair sways.  
Now the once cold and lifeless room  
Awakens with the newly born day, as  
Rays of sunlight penetrate the frost covered  
windows.

A thud from outside breaks the  
Beat of the clock, and the rhythm of the chair;  
As the morning sun melts away the roof top's  
snow.

Water flows from the melted snow  
Past the gutter Frozen in time,  
Mysteriously stopped in its mid-air stream.  
Sounds may be heard from

The neighbouring fields, over an  
Expanse of glittering ice and snow.  
But as the clock once again sounds;  
Once then twice, the echoing chimes  
Blurr in an unpleasant melody with the  
Whistle of a passing train. Out over  
The fields it appears to ride on a  
Blanket of snow, only to leave its tracks  
Uncovered behind.

And further, to the horizons edge,  
An infinite plane of ice meets the  
Clear, still blue sky.

While out in front down the treacherous  
Snow covered path, an aged man  
Stops to listen at one of the last sounds  
Of life; his memories frozen in time as they  
pass through

The cold air. As he grows older  
And the clock beats, the chair sways.

Sean Hawkins(U4)

## NOTHING THE SAME

My thoughts were out the window  
Staring endlessly into  
Space during Latin . . .

I woke up with a jolt  
At the sound of my name  
And now nothing's the same,

With a week of detention  
For lack of attention.

Martin Hon

## JUNE

In the summer black  
Only the trees  
Smile back,  
Pillars in the breeze  
In the liberal temple  
Of the nights  
The death of life is  
Example of past fights.  
Only the sinuous trees,  
So curiously alive,  
Are seized  
With the rhyme  
Of an impassioned frieze  
Beyond boundary of time.

Cynthia Grover (U4)

## SILVER SOLITUDES

Silver solitudes  
Orange occasions  
Sunlight funnelling sparkles  
Through the snowy fir  
Snow dust whipping by  
Evening grosbeaks flinting  
Machines' constant roar  
In far sunken valleys

Seedy spikes of golden-rod  
Crisp and brittle  
Once gold in a summery sun  
Asters escorting  
Another summer's time  
They will be together  
Another summer's time  
Will we?

Nicholas Hill (U6)



XMAS '74

Rush rush bustle  
Merry Christmas to all  
who buy three dollars fifty worth of goods or  
more  
hustle hustle  
I know it's only October  
but can't you see the signs  
"BUY EARLY FOR XMAS"  
through the plastic pines.  
"don't shed needles, lady"  
in their tinsel tinkle ting  
tinkle in the cash box;  
Santa whispering;  
"can't promise nothing  
but I'll see what I can do,  
if you buy your candy here,  
I'll get that train for you."  
Home through the grey slush,  
Haligonian snow,  
through rush hour traffic  
all day long we go.  
City street lights, even stop lights  
wink green but mostly red  
and as your toes freeze to the clutch,  
you wish that you were dead  
And on ev'ry street corner you'll hear—  
"BUY NOW! BUY NOW!"  
as if you really cared,  
and as your hands go numb you wonder  
how the rest have fared.  
Well-I Billy's lost in Simpson's,  
Mary's waited over an hour  
In a dirty great line at I. G. A.  
to get a bag of flour  
to make the Christmas pudding,  
with artificial rum,  
and the raisins hard and crystallized  
into lumps the size of a plum  
and desiccated coconut  
hard as freeze-dried rice  
talking of freezing, the stove's burned out,  
so dinner's cold as ice,  
called the repairman an hour ago,

he said he wouldn't be free  
until some undetermined date  
in the middle of Jan-u-a-ry  
their ad say their service is "fastest"!  
The light's green at last,  
So tread on the accelerator,  
to make it you gotta be fast.  
some fishape in a garbage truck  
covers the car with slush,  
swerving to miss a child you want to  
make him into mush.  
"Goodwill to all men" blares the radio  
And the bloody light turns red  
and as you press the pedal down,  
some S. O. B. pulls ahead  
Little Suzie's been caught taking candy  
from a basket at the Candy Bowl  
And it's clearly coming on midnight  
and I don't mean song of old  
Suzie wanted one of those gross-me-out dolls  
that talks and wets and cries  
And I bet the first day she gets the (bleep)  
thing  
she swallows one of its eyes.  
Light's turned green — the traffic's off  
Through snow and rain and sleet  
Why the hell, when it cost so much,  
can't the heater heat?  
Up the last street of snow and slush,  
Home, and into bed  
when out on the lawn there arose such a  
clatter  
I stuck out my head to see what was the  
matter;  
When what to my wondering eyes should  
appear  
But a min- no, a dirty great poster! saying —  
(oh, no!)  
"SHOP HERE!!!  
BUY NOW FOR NEXT XMAS!!! AND:  
TO THOSE WITH FORESIGHT  
TO SPEND THE SUM OF NINETEEN  
DOLLARS NINETY FIVE CENTS  
OR MORE, A GOOD NIGHT!!!!!"

R. Dawson (U3)

## DAY IN BED

BBBBBBBBRRR!!!

I hear the clock  
Get out of bed  
Brush my teeth  
Shake my head

Put on a suit  
Tie my shoes  
Turn on the radio  
Hear the news

Make some coffee  
With a fuss  
Run out the door  
Catch the bus

Go downtown  
Get off at my stop  
Forgot to comb my hair  
What a crop

Go into my office  
Sit down at my desk  
'Phone keeps ringin'  
What a pest  
Go out for lunch  
Go into a diner  
Convention there  
Held by some shriner

Place was packed  
I went across the street  
To find some food  
Get something to eat

At one o'clock  
Went back to work  
Left at six  
In the dark

Took the subway  
Missed my stop  
Bought some booze  
Had a drop

Came home drunk  
Wife bawled me out  
She went to bed  
I had to sleep on the couch

Woke up in the morning  
Got up and got fed  
Had a bad headache  
Spent the day in bed.

Martin Honig (U3)

## DEATH

The rain blew against the battered door,  
The broken glass lay on the floor,  
The shutters flapped against the wall,  
And drowned out my pleading call.

The chimney was torn right out,  
The walls and ceiling shook above my gaze,  
The fire had gone out and it grew colder now,  
The ground shook. O My Lord, and how.

The earth trembled and split in two,  
The wind whipped and battered and blew,  
'Till there was nothing left, nothing at all,  
But my pleading voice and dying call.

Tim Terriss (U3)

## YOU

You, you walk with us lightly and gently,  
Quietly, like a puppy in stops and starts,  
In a rush unburdening your thoughts to us,  
Then quiet, we walk onwards, we three,  
We sit down as one motion, and think,  
All together, and laugh.

Yes, there are the best times,  
The first times, when we can  
Just say Hello and in surprise  
We can marvel and wonder.  
Pray thee now — leave, that I may remember,  
And think of you — gentle, and kind.

Meg Helleiner (U4)

The wind slips, slides, swoops down  
Over the bare-faced hills,  
The grass points one way only,  
Away.

The clear cold air,  
The breath of clouds  
Strong,  
Blown far, over the Arctic wastes,  
Over water,  
Miles of water, choked with ice,  
Above spruce barrens,  
Boggy lakes,  
Rock, cold, hard,  
Over, past and through the very bones of the earth.

Past —  
Over the bleak hills,  
And down, down, down,  
To the south and the warm blue sea.

Meg Helleiner (U4)



## REFLECTIONS

You don't have to listen  
to the stereo play if the music bothers your  
ears,  
and the roses in the garden  
will grow again next year if you  
walk away and leave them be.  
They're getting on your nerves.

### I

Why does the young man go to see the girl?  
and bring roses from the garden  
when he comes into her home.  
In the empty mirror he sees nothing —  
Just a flat reflection of his face  
He wonders why he's here.  
And they make love on the carpet  
while her parents are away  
He sees the empty window fastened  
to the empty wall  
and wonders why he's here.

She listens to the music  
playing softly on the stereo  
and tells him that the garden needs more  
care.  
He doesn't understand —  
He's broken her demand.

### II

All you hear in the news  
is the story of the soldier  
who died in the mud  
He never said a word.  
The letters on the page seem to form a strange  
new kind of tale  
But the story's still the same in its  
never-ending quality.

I didn't have a mother but my  
mother was the forces of the war  
and she taught me to be gentle while  
she slowly passed away.  
Hey you — can't you see the empty grave  
belonging to the boy? Can't you see?  
the roses! Clutched next to his heart.  
But they're only in his hand —  
His face bears the expression  
of the dead.

### III

"And he rose again from the dead;  
He ascendeth into heaven  
and sitteth on the right hand  
of the Father . . ."  
Who said? Yes, who said how was it done?  
He had no mother either but the  
forces of the war  
She wore three roses in her hair: The  
Father, Son and Holy Ghost —

She was used!  
She was nothing — just an empty prop  
in a real life play  
Hey! you — sickness and disease can destroy  
in many people's heads  
They see the pictures of the dead  
and haunt the empty mirrors.  
Tell the tale of life and death  
two empty window-words  
two nothing — nothing words  
as empty as his grave.

### IV

At last . . . the time has come . . .  
Move! Pick your ass up off the floor  
and the pieces of the puzzle  
back into the box where they belong.

This picture was a garden full of  
untended roses  
with a river running through  
playing empty strains of discords in the air  
And the boy still on the carpet  
wonders where the lady went  
She left him all alone,  
He's empty and his face is clearly  
marked with the expression  
of a boy who wonders why the hell he's here.

Susan Gillis(U4)

---

## GLITTER CITY

Glitter city  
Is shimmering in the expanse  
From out of the abyss  
From darkness,  
Loneliness  
Which suckled our insecurity;  
From the cold  
That numbed the growth at thought,  
From icy friendship,  
Not knowing,  
Or seeing  
The dangers of the dark,  
We have come  
To fill our emptiness  
With the warm promises  
Of Glitter City.

WadeMayo(U5)

## THE PROSTITUTE

Her slim figure  
supports the wall  
as she tosses Her bleached  
blond hair  
Her  
left leg  
bent coyly  
to expose Her lily white thigh  
to enter Hers as  
She darts  
Her smoke  
colored  
eyes  
    how  
many times  
have they winked a  
    hint  
all for the  
sake  
of a jon  
and what must She bear  
at Her  
“nights on the town”  
accepting drinks and  
God knows  
what more  
Her polished nails clutch a butt  
as She  
figits  
showing  
now not flesh but  
nerves  
sleazy hotels and dark bars  
are  
they the only comfort She  
knows  
a shadow approaches  
and lines  
now memorised are  
    exchanged  
with  
a hand on Her  
hip  
She deposits the cash  
to Her breasts

Julie Schwartz (U4)

## WOMAN OF THE WINDOW

Glued to the window box your eyes  
drink the view.  
And how many times have I watched  
you sit there before?  
Your reasons vary from magazines to  
knitting and “It’s just a comfortable place”  
As your excuse.

A thousand times you’ve gazed through  
that glass  
But the surroundings haven’t changed, the  
same tree still stands,  
The same road still winds through  
the woods to that god-awful highway!  
So why do you still insist to stare,  
do you secretly hope the  
mountains will move?

Does your focus hold memories  
of a past,  
Each blade of grass like a page  
in the book of your brain?  
And the lights that sparkle across  
the water when night arrives,  
Are they too, faces for which  
you once cared?

There you still sit in your gingham  
dress, your soul limp.  
You resemble a childish rag doll,  
with the scars of being well-loved.  
A woman of forty-two or is it  
twenty-nine?  
Whenever you enter my memories  
the window follows too.  
Is it haunting, or that restrained  
longing to ask:  
“What do you see?”

Julie Schwartz (U4)

## TELEPHONE CALL

ring . . . rrring  
—Hla.  
—Hi. Thad you, Suzy?  
—Ya. Hawarya, Pete?  
—Fine. Can I talkta Dor’s?  
—Shur. Jusasec  
—Hey, Dor’s. Pete wanna talk t’ya.  
(Dor’s) —Hi, Pete. Hawarya? Wajyawant?  
—R’ya busy Sadurdy nide?  
—Naw. Wannago tamovie?  
—Shur. Thads jus wad I ad in min. I’ll pick  
y’up adaquadat’eight.  
—Ridon! Seey’a Sadurdy. Bye.  
—Bye.

David Murray (U6)



# *Growing Old*

- by Geoffrey Gomery (U5)

He sat in the soft couch, somnolent, dazedly watching, half-aware, the blue-white images flit past. Program, commercial, program it ran, in an uninterrupted blur. He sat in the dimly lit room, barely taking it in, an observer to the world within the little black box. He watched because he had nothing else to do.

Finally, with sleep blocking his eyes and settling in his brain he gave up. The news came on, he was too tired to take in all the troubles of the world at this hour. Mostly he ignored them. Rising wearily from his cushioned haven in the chair he approached the box, pushed the button in and, click, it died, temporarily stilled. He left the room, shutting off the light as he went.

She sat in front of the old sewing machine in the dining room, working on patching his old pants. She looked up at him, standing with his hand on the railing at the foot of the stairs. "Taking the dog out tonight?" she asked.

Conscience stirred. "Yes, I guess so," he replied. "Just for a short one." "I can just hang around the house for a few minutes, and then get to bed," was his half thought. He reached slowly for his jacket on the rack as the dog, Bone, appeared suddenly wide-awake at the door. He slipped out of the warm into the pool of light left by the lamp and from there into the blackness with Bone running ahead eagerly, a small black bullet blending into the night.

The cool wind hit him and he was transformed. His eyes opened wide, sleep gone from them. His pulse quickened, he breathed in the chill night air, feeling the weariness fall away like a discarded garment. He moved forward, striding now with a spring in his step into the darkness. He did up the zipper on his jacket which broke the wind though the cold still seeped in not chilling him but invigorating him. His mind opened like a flower as he was filled with thoughts, ideas. He turned up the hill, round the block the long, twisted one, Bone in the lead. As he walked he thought about the day, about the life he was living.

They had had a late morning, as they almost always did now that he was retired and free. They had lain together, hands touching, for an eternity in the bed, doing nothing but just quietly lying watching the dust drifting in the sunlight and listening to the faint sounds of far off traffic. It was strange, he sometimes reflected, how as he'd grown older his senses seemed to become more alive, more intense although he'd always assumed the opposite would happen, that they'd just fade away as he became senile. He'd seen it happen to others. He was old, he knew; was this perhaps happening to him, unnoticed? It didn't really matter anyway, he was beyond that stage in life where he took the backstage whisperings of others seriously.

After the breakfast dishes were cleared up, they had settled down in the small living-room with the morning paper. As usual she had taken the front section while he took the financial pages, so that they traded when they were finished. She always read slightly faster than he did, so she took the thicker section. He was skimming the local news when she spoke up.

"You know they have some nice apartments in here", she remarked, looking over the classified ads.

"Really? That's nice," he replied, uninterested.

"No, they really do look very interesting. There's one here in Riverview Towers, unfurnished for only \$250 a month. That's where Donald and Pat live, isn't it?"

"Down by the new highway? Around the downtown area?" She nodded to this. "Yes, that's where they live, I guess."

"I was really impressed by that apartment building the time we were there. They even had a doorman and a small shopping centre downstairs."

"I guess they did."

"I'd like to see that, wouldn't you? I think it would be nice to move to an apartment. No more cleaning up around the yard, and you'd have no more repairs to make on the roof and we wouldn't have to take the bus down to the shops."

"Why this sudden urge to move somewhere else?" he now asked, vaguely irritated at this information. "We're perfectly happy here, we've been here for fifteen years. Besides that, we can't afford an apartment anyway."

"We could get quite a bit for this house on today's market. Certainly enough to support a little apartment. Anyway, it would be nice to relax and not worry about the house all the time."

"I'm relaxed well enough right now," he commented and that had ended the conversation. And he had forgotten about it until she had mentioned that, while he'd been over to the store down the road, they'd been invited over to Donald and Pat's tomorrow for lunch and did he mind. He'd told her not at all and added that he and Donald could watch the football game together after lunch; but still he wondered how much of the idea behind the telephone invitation had been Donald's and how much had been cooked by the wives. But he didn't suppose that it mattered anyway.

He turned the corner and began to walk down the gently sloping road, curving back toward the house. He walked slowly, Bone flanking him, the old dog carefully inspecting all new scents and signs and making some of his own. Bone was getting old, he realized as he looked at him under the soft light of a street lamp. The dog's muzzle was streaked with gray and his coat didn't quite seem to have the same smooth, satiny, blackness it had always had. But Bone wasn't a young dog anymore either, why, he had to be at least fifteen, no sixteen years old now. But then, he reflected, he wasn't exactly young either anymore. In a way, Bone and he had grown old together.

When he remembered how hard it was to be young, and to grow up to adulthood it seemed strange how easy it was to grow old. Retirement had been easy. He'd just slipped from one routine to another, without trouble. He was happy, when he thought about it and he knew she was basically happy too.

But why, then, had she brought up the business of this apartment. He didn't want to move closer into the city, he was happy where he was. Oh, the upkeep on the house was a nuisance, and getting expensive as it grew older with them. And they didn't really need all those extra rooms. But he didn't mind the jobs; they prevented boredom and weren't really difficult. He couldn't really track down the reasons why he felt so irritated at the idea of moving. These weren't really any reasons against it and it would be definitely more convenient. But it just didn't seem right. I suppose it makes no difference in the end whether we move or not, he thought with a mental shrug of his shoulders. And then, because he'd finished walking around the block and the house was there again in front of him he went back inside with Bone and went to bed.

## II

Riverview Towers was an impressive looking place. They'd been there once before but he hadn't been interested; now he was and he kept his eyes open around him. It was a full twenty stories in height with a small shopping arcade in one of the ground floors. He noticed the carpeting on the lobby floor and the doorman who had quickly let them through when they had said they were visiting the Connaughts. He guessed that he'd been told to expect them.

He could tell she liked it. She seemed excited today, pointing out the shops below, the clean carpeting, the comfortable looking lobby. She kept sounding more and more enthusiastic about this.

"I've never understood the purpose of a lobby anyway, since I don't think I've once seen anyone sitting in one," he commented as they rode up in the elevator. It had carpets too.

"But if you did, think of all the neighbors and people you'd meet, just reading your mail." He sighed and could see that, in her mind's eye, she was already there.

He'd remembered Donald and Pat's apartment and couldn't see anything wrong there. He had to admit, it was small, comfortable, convenient and homey. Of course, he reminded himself, it's the people who make the tone of a place and Donald and Pat were that kind of people. And he could tell they loved it here. He was surprised at how much he was against this idea of moving, the more he thought about it. Was his age and conservatism finally catching up with him? After all, he kept reminding himself, it's a perfectly reasonable and quite logical idea. It was just his reaction to it that wasn't reasonable.

Lunch was delicious. After the meal, when upon mutual insistence the wives both retired to the kitchen to clean up, he and Donald talked, passing the time before the game started.



"We miss you two," Donald said, "We should try to manage to see more of each other like this, you know. There aren't that many good friends our age living around here any more, you know. When they retire everyone wants to go to Florida, or California or somewhere down south it seems. I don't know why, I wouldn't want to."

"I wouldn't be able to stand it, myself. Can you see living in some retirement town with five thousand other old people. Awful! But, I have to say, that sun sure would be nice," he mused. Don was right, he thought. What happened to all your friends and colleagues, did they just disappear?

"You know, there's an, eh, few vacant apartments left here. You could move into this apartment building. I bet it would even be possible for you to get on this floor. I think the people in 187 are moving out soon. That might be an idea."

"Do you mean we should sell our house and move in here?" he asked, wondering whether Don had thought this up himself or whether they had put him up to it. He'd lay five to one odds on it having been their idea, with Don's consent of course. But he probably didn't know what was going on behind the scenes. But Pat did and his wife had to too. He'd have to talk to her when they got home. But he was still curious about how Don liked the apartment. Maybe it was a good idea.

"Sure, why not?" asked Don enthusiastically. "This is a great place to live. We love it here. The rent's not bad, you'd have no trouble affording it if you sold your house. House prices are inflated now you know."

"How do you like living here? Is it convenient?"

"We're really glad we moved here. It really is very convenient. You can walk downtown instead of taking a bus but you don't have to, they'll sell you just about anything you want downstairs. There's a free laundromat for tenants too and if you want you can even send out for stuff sold downstairs and they'll bring it right to your door. Now and then, on special occasions, we order Chinese food from the place downstairs and eat it up here. And the weather never has to bother you. I think you could live for years here without ever stepping outside."

Don's testimonial was certainly glowing but he found himself remembering more just how much he disliked Chinese food. He promised to think about it and did during the game, which was dull. Everyone seemed so enthusiastic he felt almost guilty for being an unbeliever. And yet while it wouldn't be unpleasant, in its own way, he still couldn't see any definite reason for moving. Except that she really wanted it. But, well he enjoyed walking outside and keeping the house in shape, it kept him busy. He didn't want to relax for the rest of his life. He had to face it, he was happy in this routine and didn't want to move. But he was being selfish. If she really wanted to, he probably should, he decided. After all, it wouldn't hurt him, would it? But then, as they were leaving he noticed the sign. It was small, quite unobtrusive with neat letters on brass; "NO DOGS ALLOWED." That did it.

### III

He hadn't wanted to see the Real Estate salesman but he supposed it was partly his own fault. He'd argued that, whether they wanted to or not, they couldn't afford this apartment anyway. Which had led to this. As they'd shown the man around the house he could almost see cash registers ringing in his mind. He found he didn't like the man, he was too slick, too eager, too young. He looked like something out of a salesman's handbook; neat, impeccably dressed and smooth as silk.

"Mr. Mathews, I must say this house has great potential, especially on today's market," he said, with a little cough. "Oh yes, you've picked the right time to sell. Our company should be able to take this house off your hands within two weeks. All we need is your word." The fellow was certainly turning on the hard sell, he thought. Unfortunately he didn't want the house 'taken off his hands'.

"I'm afraid that all we want is an appraisal right now. We haven't decided whether or not we're selling yet."

"I'll estimate it at thirty thousand and I certainly hope I'll get to do business with you, Mr. Mathews. Remember, all you have to do is give the word and I'll sell it in two weeks, and that's a promise."

After he'd gone, they confronted each other in the living room. They seemed to have reached an impasse; although each knew the other's arguments neither could really get his point across. Neither wanted to hurt the other. Finally he broke the ice.

"Okay, you were right and we could afford it. But why do we want to? You're happy here, aren't you?"

"Happy? Oh we live from day to day and we have our nice pattern but that doesn't mean I'm happy. It's just . . . pointless living like this. We're getting old, we need our chance to relax and have our fun before it's too late. I never thought I'd work all those years without any break. I've been doing the same things, every day, every week, every month for over fifty years. Yot got to retire, why can't I?"

"But . . ., we could have a maid or something. But why do we have to move into that little apartment?"

"It's not a little apartment."

"Okay, that apartment, and eat Chinese food, which you don't like either, and never go outside and spend all day with Donald and Pat. And what's the point? I don't want to live like that."

"Well I don't want to live like this anymore. Oh, it's not so much the work I mind just living like we do. We're old now. We've got maybe ten, fifteen more years left if we're lucky. I want to spend it enjoying myself, seeing a movie in town maybe, or meeting and talking with friends more often, or just being where things are happening. You know all the people I ever see for weeks are the grocer, the mailman, the neighbors occasionally coming or going someplace and you. This is no way to live."

"Well I just want to live my years out just happy to be living and relaxed. I'm happy this way. Besides, what are you going to do with Bone, sell him?"

"With Bone?"

"No dogs allowed,' but it's a lovely apartment building. Clean and neat, no animals to soil those lovely carpets you liked so much."

"Well, eh, couldn't we put him in a kennel or something?"

"And visit him on weekends?"

The argument didn't end there, it just petered out. Neither said anything about it, for the rest of the day, or afterwards. But one could feel it in the air; a never stopping sort of tension in the house. They stopped talking to each other, except when necessary because conversation might bring up the problem again, and the hurt. This lasted for a week.

#### IV

He supposed he should be happy, he seemed to have had his way about this. Without any agreement between them they did nothing, which was what we wanted. He couldn't really be happy though. It was a pyrrhic victory and the cost was too great. But, after this, neither would really be happy in the other's choice. They were in an impossible bind.

She'd not forced it because of Bone, he knew. She knew he loved the old dog and she did too, in a different way. To send him away, or to sell him would be impossible, better to kill him first. And neither would suggest that solution. Bone, to him, seemed to symbolize his life in this place. He'd gotten him, from a friend, as a puppy several years before his retirement. That had been just after they'd moved into the house. He was the only dog they'd ever had. Years of rented houses, and fairly frequent moving had prevented that. This had been the first house he'd ever owned. He hadn't mentioned that in the argument because she wouldn't have understood. He wished there was some other way to resolve the problem. But there wasn't and he was, if not happy, at least content. Until Bone got sick.

He noticed something was wrong just a week after the argument. The dog wasn't there around the house much but he didn't notice this at first. But when Bone didn't come when he was called to go out for a walk he got worried. Only slightly perturbed at first, he began to call again and search the house. The search grew more and more frantic as the dog didn't appear anywhere. Crazy thoughts began entering his head as the search went on and he found nothing. He called outside until he was hoarse. But then, as he was going through one of the spare rooms he found him, lying under a bed with one paw just sticking out slightly. Bone was sick.

He was lying, in the dark, apparently exhausted from the effort of climbing the stairs to this room. His breath came slowly, painfully, and he was drooling small bits of



foam as he breathed. When the man pulled him out from his refuge he made one staggering attempt to crawl back under and collapsed, exhausted. He made no noise except for the sound of painful breathing and once, maybe, a ghost of a whine to his master. His master stood helpless.

He was shocked at Bone's appearance. He held the dog's head in his lap trying to think of what to do. A vet? He didn't know where to find one and anyway, he suddenly remembered, it was a Sunday and any clinic would probably be closed. Was anything possible? He doubted it. Bone didn't look like he had much longer to live. But it didn't make the dying easier.

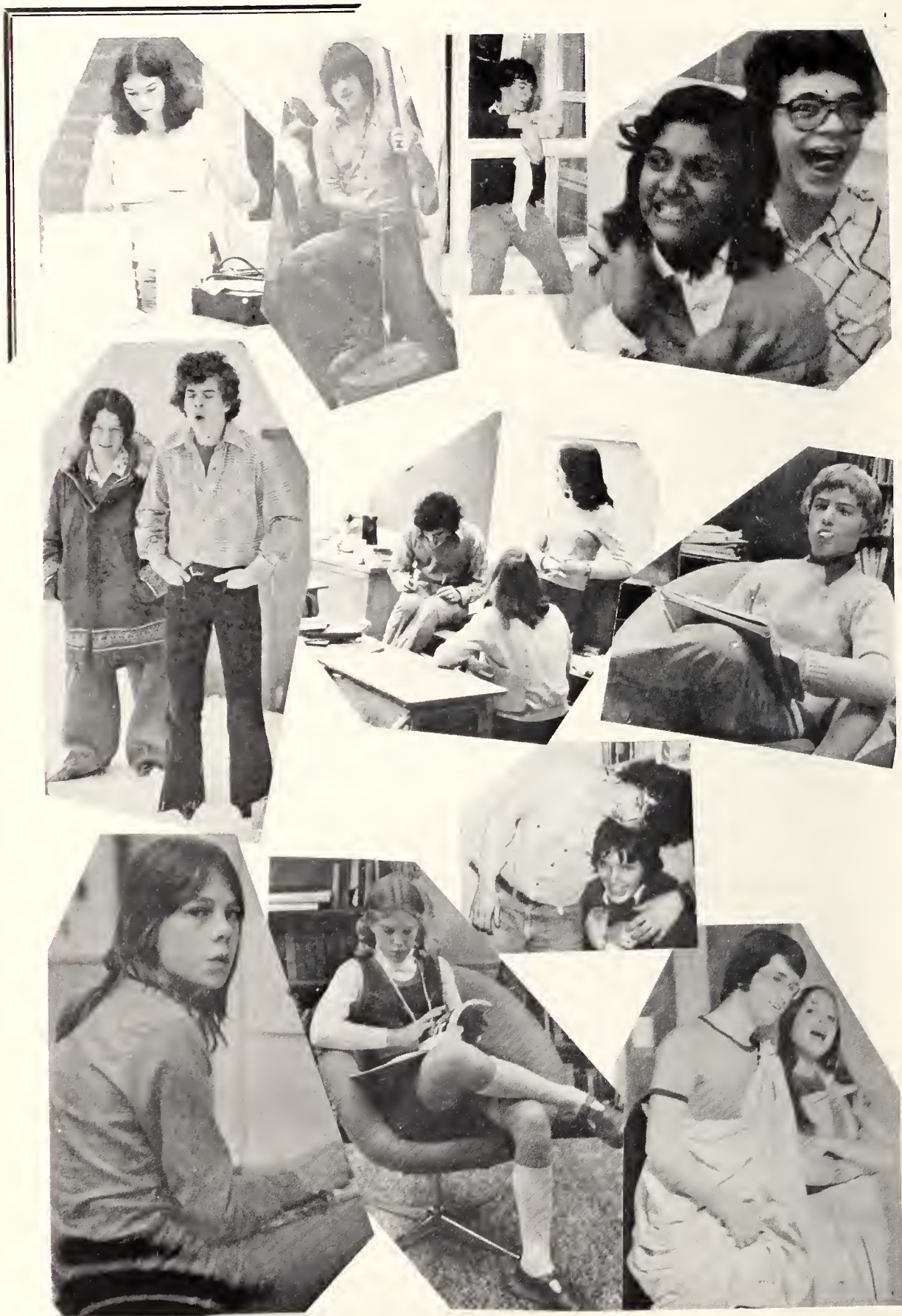
His breath seemed to be coming more easily and for a few seconds the man dared to hope. The dog opened his eyes for a second and looked up at him, in a wordless appeal. Then he closed them again. There was a brief moment of hard and rasping breathing and then nothing. The man didn't move for a long time.

When he finally looked up; she was there in the doorway. She said nothing but their eyes met for a second. She seemed a complete stranger to him. Slowly he moved the dog, got up slowly, and went downstairs with her. They moved into the apartment two months later.

Geoff Gomely

**EDITOR'S NOTE:**

With this story, Geoff Gomely was awarded first prize for Nova Scotia in the Canada Permanent Short Story Contest.





# *ART*



## ARTS

This year the "art option" proved very enjoyable. Interests varied from film-making to soap stone carvings. The large selection of ideas was mainly due to the comfortable size of the class which consisted of: Sean Hawkins, Sue Gillis, Meg Helleiner, Cynthia Grover, Julie Schwartz and Willie Forrestall of U4, Emanuel Jannasch of U5, and David Murray of U6.

We began the year with a project in "assemblance" a composition with mixed media, where we had the asset of a student teacher, Bruce Mckinley, we also tried raised wall hangings while in art history we did an in-depth study of the ancient world. The rest of the studio time was put into creating products for the Joseph Howe Festival which results were very successful. The items included in the sale were; hand designed stationery, candles, jewelry, wooden toys, not to mention Meg's fortune telling and herb collection. This was the beginning of numerous other sales which were held at the school with all profits put towards our New York trip scheduled for June if all things go well.

We furthered our Art History course by studying the Middle Ages and Renaissance.

A new experiment this year was in "film making". A production in animation was produced by the class entitled "Metamorphosis". After our first attempt each student went on to his or her own chosen length film which have yet to be viewed for their world premiere!

And lastly a truly deserved "thanks" to Mrs. Peck for her time and patience with the "budding Renoirs"!

Julie Schwartz



The remaining Upper grades have two art classes per week. One involves art history where slides are shown in which they learn about the art and culture of various ancient civilization. In the other class, many methods of printing and wood cutting have been taught. Trips were also made to the Art College in reference to these. Also taught was decoupage, clay, gesture drawing and perspective.

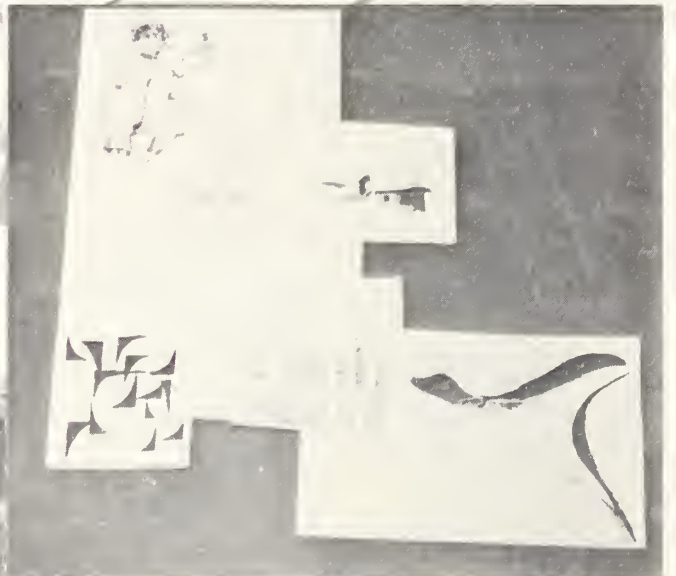
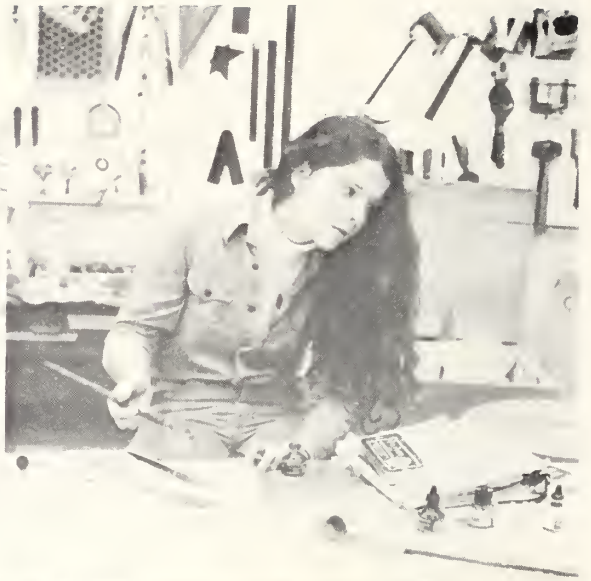
Jacky Webster.





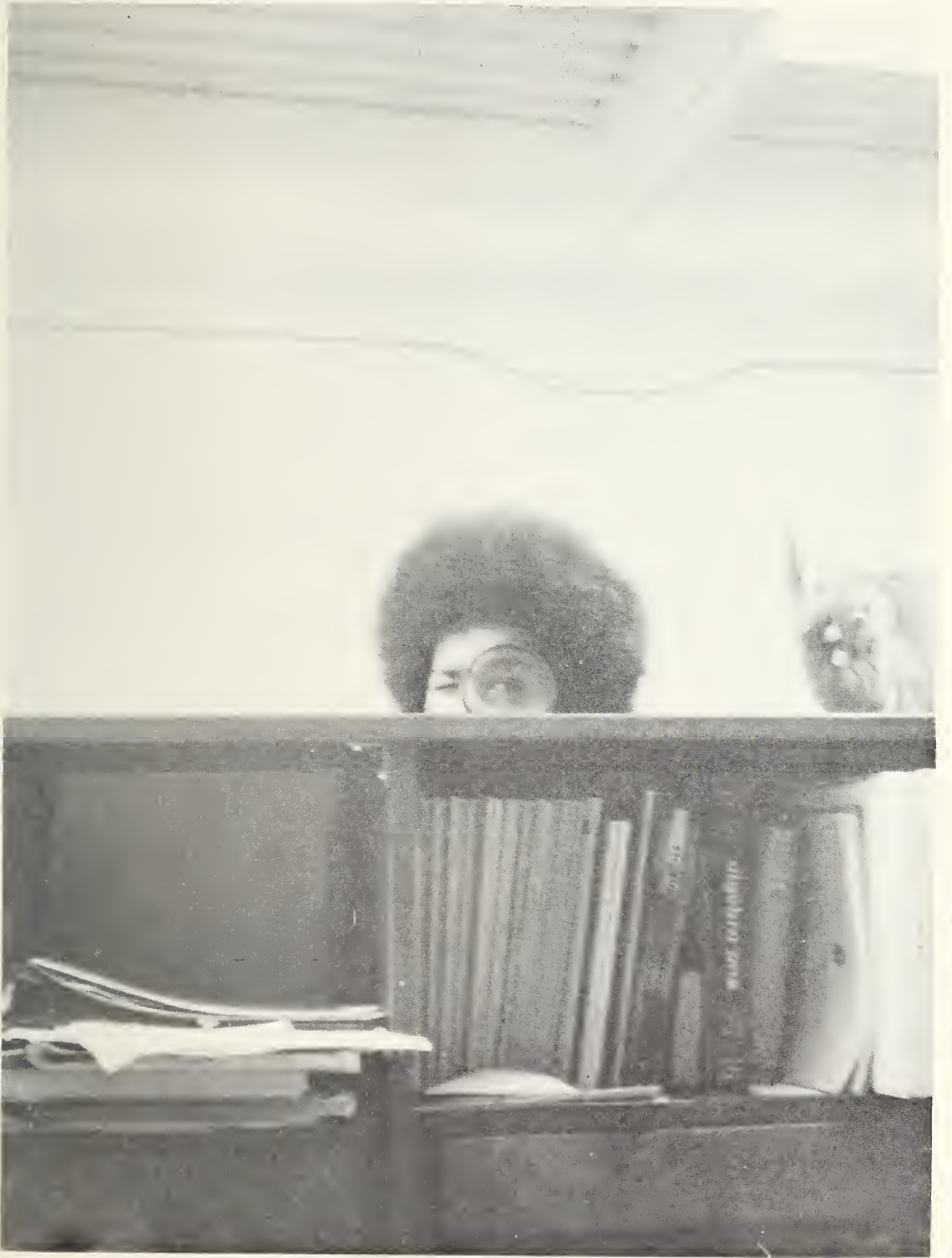
# Joseph Howe Festival

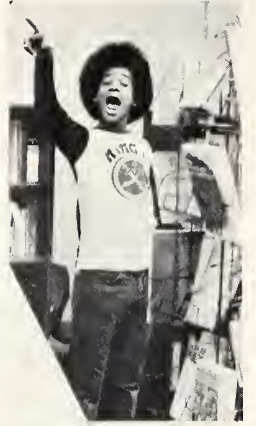




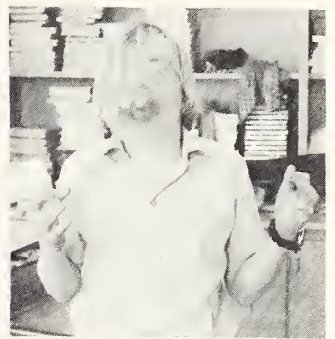
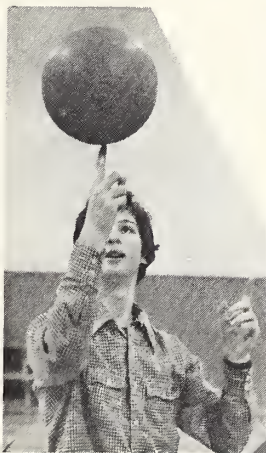
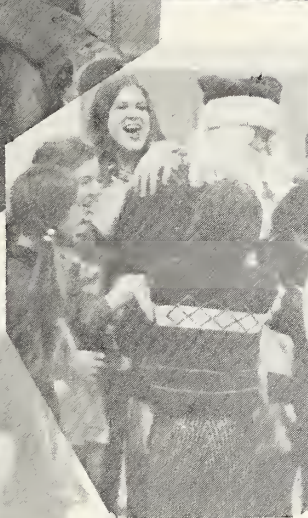


# Photography





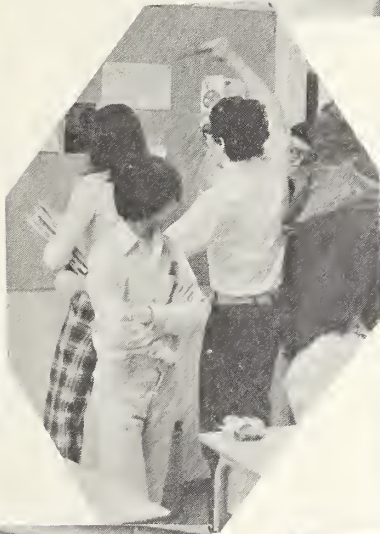




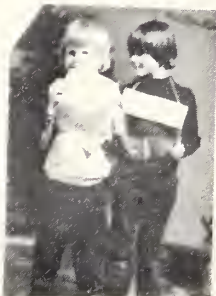
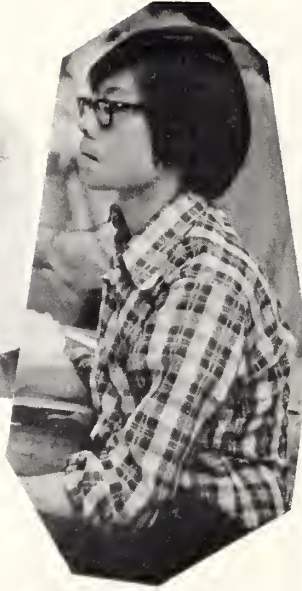










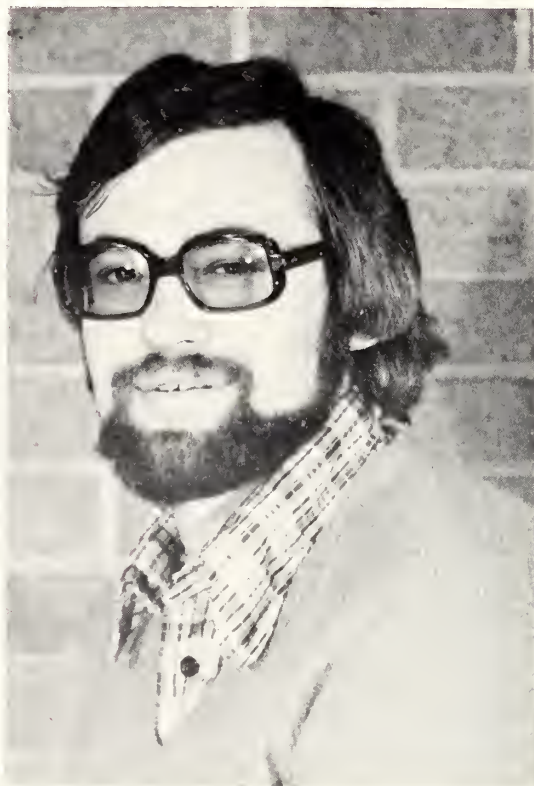




# Sports



## *Sports' Department Report*



This year's physical education program was expanded to some extent. Orienteering and the Duke of Edinburgh Award were added as a guideline for the leadership training program. Though not many students partook of this leadership program hopefully they will be better attended in the coming years.

The intramural program was again run mostly by the students. The house system was changed from four houses to three houses to promote more participation in intramural sports. The new house names adopted were Glooscap, Royals and Acadia.

On the interscholastic scene, Halifax Grammar School was again in the "B" division in soccer. The loss of several HGS students through graduation, sabbatical leave or changing of schools left many positions open which were adequately filled by Upper two, three and four students. This team should do tremendously in the future. Many thanks to Mr. Montgomery who did an excellent job with the team.

Mr. Curtis and Miss Clark did tremendous jobs with the basketball and volleyball teams respectively. There was a vast improvement in this year's boys' basketball team while volleyball was in its first year of competition. The girls' basketball team was in its rebuilding stage. Happily, next year, we will be more competitive.

The regional badminton trials were held at HGS this year and the Halifax Grammar School did very well, due to the hard work of Ed Lim. The Nova Scotia novice fencing trials were held at HGS this year under Mrs. Scobbie's supervision. Fencing, though in its infancy, made giant steps as far as success is concerned. Again many thanks to all the staff who made this year's sports a success.

R. Naud



# *House Captain Reports*



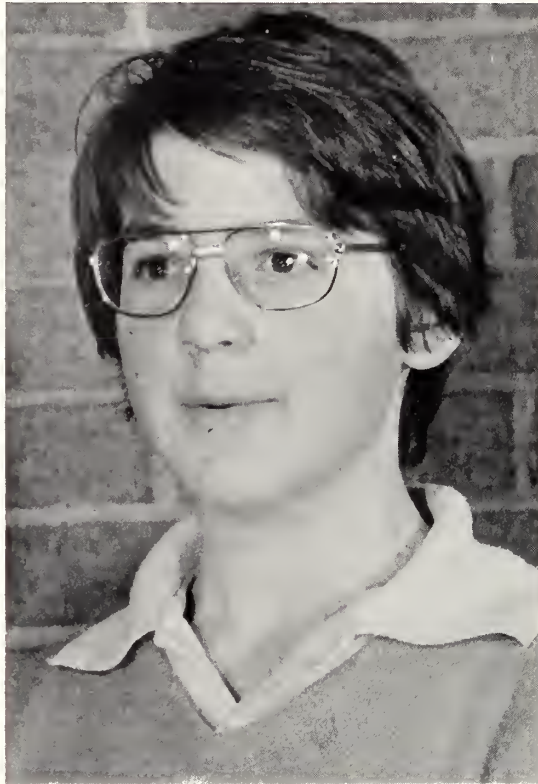
After the complete change of teams in November, Acadia got off to what appeared to be a slow start meeting defeat in 7 out of their first 8 games. However after much contemplation (and a little more organization) our faltering team landed back on their feet again and in no time were back in the running. I must admit that even though we haven't (yet) quite reached first place, we have leaped into second place in two instances during the second term and at no time during the season were we ever more than a few games behind first place. As I have always professed to be optimistic I foresee little difficulty coming out on top after the cross country and track and field in May for that is where our real talent lies.

Many thanks to Emmanuel Jannasch, assistant captain in the senior section and especially to Jeff Wolman, intermediate captain who led our intermediate team to tremendous success which helped keep us in the running during the second term. I would also like to thank Danny Calda and David Crick who captained our junior team.

Our participation was good and our spirit tremendously high and with the help of our strong Junior Reach For The Top team, our blazing senior basketball team, and with our cross country and track and field scoring we should end out on top when June rolls around with the cup and Acadia '75 written on it. Even if we don't turn out on top, I do not hesitate in the least to say that this year's interhouse sports activities have been highly successful and our team can take pride in knowing that it played a great part in its success.

Ken Gordon  
House Captain

# Royals



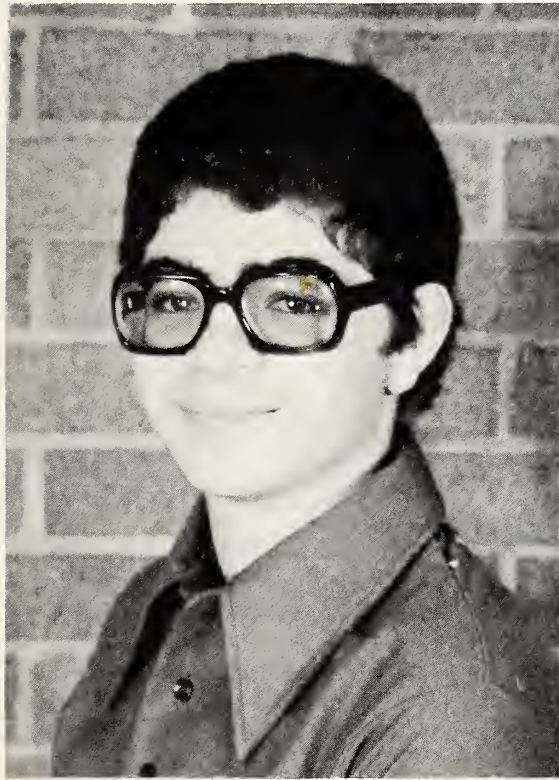
The Royals were a first year expansion club this year, built from the ruins of the four old houses. A draft was held in November and the team organizers, soon to become captains, picked their players. While other teams went to individuals in expectations of one man teams, the Royals went to those people who could work well as a team. This gamble payed off and the Royals, after suffering a few growing pains have become the no. 1 team, winning a majority of their games. But the track and field meet is yet to come and it looks as if we might have a tight battle for the trophy.

The Senior Volleyball team led by the quick spikes of Wade Mayo, the fast serves of Tom Ozere and the fine defensive work of Howard Conter won a good percentage of their games. The inter-basketball team, led by the quick-dribbling, David Linton, suffered from lack of participation but still did well. The lower squad of soccer baseball players were organized and captained by the hard work of Jason Chen to an almost perfect record. The Reach For The Top team also did well in their games led by such quick fingered students as Robert Dawson and Danny Carver. I'm not sure what the outcome will be but the games are played for fun and in a friendly spirit, and I know this team did that.

Matthew Burnstein  
House Captain



# *Glooscap*



This year for the first time in the school's history, we had only three house teams, instead of four. The reason for this was to improve participation. In the case of Glooscap, participation has improved immensely. With the start of the new system, Glooscap zipped into first place for the first few weeks. We then settled back into second where we have remained since.

Looking at our teams individually, we are doing fine. Our Senior volleyball team is winning most of its games. In intermediate basketball, we got off to a fast start, but now we are slowing down. Our soccer baseball team, also started off well, but now it too is slacking off. In Reach For The Top, our senior team was undefeated and in intermediate, we only lost one game.

In the last term we are looking forward to doing well in both track and field meet and the cross country. All in all, it has been a very successful year for Glooscap and I feel the team should be commended for it. I would also like to thank Mrs. Scobbie, our staff advisor, who has been of great assistance to the team.

Ronnie Cuperfain  
House Captain

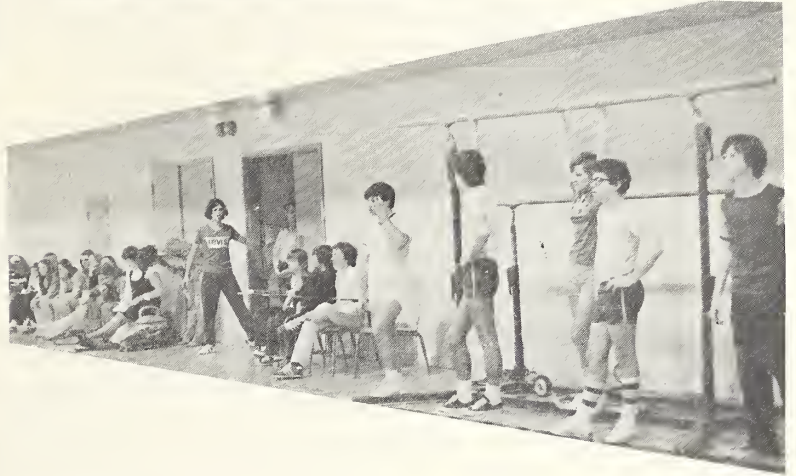
# *Referees*



With the rearrangement of the intramural system this year, it was decided that the extra house captain would handle the scheduling of the timetable for the referees. A somewhat new system for the appointment of referees was used, each house being obliged to provide six to cover senior, intermediate and junior interhouse sports. On the whole there was an enthusiastic turnout of people who volunteered for the positions, and despite any lack of experience a genuine effort was made on everyone's part to do their best. It was obvious that many people took an interest in the success of the refereeing program. I would like to express my thanks to the house captains, players and spectators who helped in any way, and in particular to the referees who volunteered their time and service for the well-being of the inter-house sports program.

Wade Mayo











# *Clubs And Teams*





#### BOYS' SOCCER TEAM

Front Row: E. Jannasch, N. Hill, N. von Maltzahn, C. Pavlovski, A. Heard.

Second Row: Mr. Montgomery, H. Conter, R. Buhr, W. Mayo, M. Burnstein, R. Quigley.

Third Row: R. Cohn, B. MacLean, D. Carver, D. Linton.

## *Soccer*

This year the soccer team did not meet with the success of last year's squad, largely because of the relative inexperience of most of the people. In eight games, the team managed two ties, just missing the playoffs. The competition was generally older and bigger but the basis for a stronger team in the future laid. Coaching problems probably played a part as for most of the season we had no official coach, though Mr. Montgomery helped a great deal in both the encouragement and supervision of the team, giving up much of his spare time. Enthusiasm was high despite the final showing, and next year's team should prove to be a winning one.

Nick Von Maltzahn

## *Rugby*

Rugby football, generally played after the yearbook deadline, has never been mentioned in the *Grammarians*. It started off under the direction of Mr. Bruce in 72-73 which was a so-so team, as far as winning was concerned. Next year the twice weekly training with Mr. Johnstone, high spirits, and the addition of some west coast talent developed our team into the 73-74 powerhouse, divided into A and B seven-a-side squads. It was an all win season, comprising the defeat of a young but talented King's Collegiate team, and at least three victories over D. A. culminating in a 36-6 win for the A team.

At the moment the rugby players are dormant, but training with Mr. Johnstone will start in the near future preparation for the avenging of this year's varsity losses.

Emanuel Jannasch





#### BOYS' BASKETBALL

Front Row: H. Conter, N. von Maltzahn, T. Manuge

Back Row: M. Burnstein, H. Glube

Absent: C. Curtis (Coach), S. Hawkins.

Although winless this year in regulation play, the H.G.S. "green machine" showed paralleled height of spirit on the part of the participants. We would like to thank Jim MacAully, Gavin Buhr and Carl Matheson who came out of retirement to add some experience to this young but promising team. We would also like to thank Shena and Marge Masson who often showed up to watch the team play and lend support. This year's basketball program was added by the addition of four new basketball nets and backboards, provided by the Student Council and installed by the hard labour of three (modest) members of the basketball team and Mr. Curtis. Another new innovation in the basketball program were the uniforms bought by the players of the team. We hope that the future will bring a real school uniform for the team.

This year the team played in the juvenile league (18 and under), and although beaten by, such as newspapers had it "thrashed", "demolished," and "bombarded" but undaunted played on. Especially notable was "the green" play, (a master scheme by Mr. Curtis), a double edged sword, perhaps the wishbone "team" of basketball. Special thanks to Mr. Curtis who sacrificed much of his time and put considerable effort into molding the team. Pending the scheduling of home games a few students (modest again), will build a score board in physics.

Matthew Burnstein



### GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Front Row: P. McIntyre, K. Martin, V. Cunningham, M. Manuge.

Second Row: A. Lim, K. Martin, H. Grover, J. Webster, L. Burgess, Coach: Mr. Naud

Absentees: P. Quigley, S. Newman, C. Grover.

### GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The girls' basketball team had a good beginning for the new year. We've been having a turnout of about 15 girls who are all eager to learn. Practice takes place every Thursday at 8:00 a.m. in the gymnasium. We have two fine coaches, Mr. Naud and Mr. Curtis. The girls range from 12-15 or grades 8-10. Since none of us are very knowledgeable of the sport we are learning the basics and enjoying ourselves immensely.

We hope to be able to play games throughout the year and with keen players such as we have we should do well.

Paula Quigley



### GIRLS' VOLLEYBALL TEAM

Front Row: J. Szerb, K. Martin, C. Grover, K. Martin, H. Grover.

Second Row: Mrs. Hirtle, S. Hamlin, A. Lim, J. Webster, L. Burgess, A. Wallace.

Absentees: P. Quigley, A. Lim





#### BOYS' VOLLEYBALL TEAM

Front Row: B. MacLean, R. Buhr, T. Terriss, K. Crick, B. MacLean.

Second Row: Miss Clark, T. Ozere, J. Cheung, R. Jannasch, J. Chen, R. Buhariwalla.

## *Volleyball*

In past years the Grammar School has not had an extensive volleyball program. With the aid of Miss Clark, a new teacher, we organized both girls' and boys' volleyball teams, the girls' team have played against three schools, Convent of the Sacred Heart, Tower Road, and Cornwallis. Even though they lost all their matches (set of three games) they did however win a few games. The boys' team has not yet had the opportunity to play against other schools, however games in the future are foreseeable. The team has progressed greatly since the beginning of the year. Practices were held at least once a week. On several occasions during the year, the volleyball teams played the teachers in two exciting encounters. Although in both instances the teachers came out on top by very small margins, the students gave them a good run for their money. Look out next time.

Karen Martin and Ricky Buhr



#### LOWER HOCKEY TEAM

Front Row: D. Holden, M. Rhude, J. Glube, A. Pugsley, A. Badley.

Second Row: S. MacLachlan, S. Walling, J. Embil, T. Brandys, D. Kennedy, J. You, A. Fillmore, I. Sneddon, E. Wallace,

Third Row: S. Hawkins, P. You, M. Grimson, L. Mealiea, D. MacMaster, R. Williams, P. Roscoe, J. Ferguson, J. King.

Fourth Row: Mr. Naud.

#### HOCKEY REPORT

Prep hockey, under the supervision of Mr. P. MacDonald, showed signs of great progress, hopefully, this will continue in years to come.

Senior hockey showed signs of decline. Since not much interest was exhibited by the students, there was little opportunity to play games with other schools. I sincerely hope that there will be more interest shown in the future so that we can be competitive.

R. Naud



#### UPPER HOCKEY TEAM

Front Row: B. MacLean, S. Hawkins, T. Terriss, H. Conter.

Second Row: Mr. Naud, D. Harris, M. Hawkins, R. Buhr, R. Jannasch, P. Buell, A. Heard.

Third Row: J. Blanchard, C. Ozere.





#### **BADMINTON TEAM**

Back Row: A. Lim, R. Sinclair, M. Shaw, R. Sinclair, S. McLachlan

Front Row: L. Risley, D. Linton, L. Burgess, B. MacLean, P. Graham, D. Holden

#### **BADMINTON CLUB**

Every Monday afternoon there is a badminton session for everybody who is interested and wants to play. Eddy Lim, a former graduate from the school supervises the session and gives instructions to the players who are having troubles. A lot of the prep schoolers come to these sessions, which is great because they are starting young. The facilities are great, the gym has three badminton courts which is great for tournaments. Throughout the years, we have had a lot of tournaments which have been very successful. So come on down and have some fun. Support your team.

David Linton



#### **BADMINTON TEAM**

P. Graham, B. MacLean, D. Linton



#### GIRLS' GYMNASTICS CLUB

Front Row: A. Newman, T. Schandl, L. Cameron, C. Belitsky, L. Risley.  
 Second Row: E. Murphy, C. Mitchell, N. Hawkins, K. Damtoft, J. Abbott, H. McIvor.  
 Third Row: P. Ernst, B. Harris, C. Grimson, A. Conter, S. Brown.  
 On The Floor: J. Badley, M. Damtoft.

## *Girls' Gymnastics Club*

Every Thursday, girls from grades three to six go into the gym and do gymnastics. The person who organizes this group is Miss Perri Ernst. She is also a student of our school and she is in grade twelve. This class helps you improve your moves and learn many new ones. If you take gymnastics seriously I think you should try this class.

**Theresa Schandl**



#### BOYS' GYMNASTICS CLUB

Front Row: J. Glube, G. Hamilton, J. Lannon, A. Novak, P. Roscoe.  
 Second Row: R. Williams, E. Davis, B. O'Halloran.





#### FENCING CLUB

Front Row: D. Foster, R. Sinclair, M. Rhude, M. Helleiner, T. Dickey, M. Hawkins,  
Second Row: J. Dorrance, A. Young, L. Murphy, Mrs. Scobbie, D. Holden, R. Sinclair, V. Menasce, J. Embil.

## *Fencing Club*

The fencing club has grown immensely since last year. There is approximately 15 of the club in grades 5 and 6.

This year the club held the novices' championships for men's and women's foil. The novices are for people who have fenced for a year or less or have been in the finals. The entrants were successful for their age especially Luke Murphy who made it to the semi-finals.

This year, the fencing club meets on Thursdays at lunch and Friday afternoons. Mrs. Scobbie, ex-fencer, is the teacher! She does an excellent job in teaching, both small exercises and techniques. I must add that she is in better shape than anyone else in the club.

Michael Hawkins



#### DEBATING CLUB

Front Row: K. Martin, J. Welch, G. Gomery, W. Forrestal, J. Szerb

Back Row: Mr. Johnstone, A. Wallace, A. Welch, J. Bradley, R. Hirsch, J. Thompson, A. Feetham.

#### DEBATING CLUB

This year, quite a few people found the Debating Club a good way to spend a Friday afternoon after school. Usually in the AVR, but sometimes crouched in the tiny seats in the lower school library, both the regulars, and some spectators found themselves discussing, at length, important issues such as the truth of little Red Riding Hood's propaganda about wolves, whether in fact, the horse was the clean, organic, pollution free, (almost) vehicle of the future and whether orange is better than green. There was much eloquence, many witty remarks and sometimes even a fairly good speech. And, with the thunderous applause and continual cheering of the occasional one or two spectators ringing in their ears, the debators scaled the heights of rhetoric, tugged at the heartstrings, laboriously pieced together complex arguments into a single harmonious whole and lambasted their opponents with a fervour and intensity which had to be seen to be believed. Later in the year, a temporary halt had to be called as the debators spent their energy preparing for, first the December and then the March tournament (held, appropriately enough, in February). But they will return again, if not this year, then the next, again to make the hallways ring, and the spectators cheer, or at least, to try to.

Geoff Gomery



#### DEBATING TEAM

Back Row: A Welch, J. Badley, J. Thompson, A. Feetham.

Front Row: Mr. Johnstone, K. Martin, J. Welch, G. Gomery, J. Szerb





#### REACH FOR THE TOP

Front Row: R. Dawson, A. Heard  
Second Row: D. Murray, N. von Maltzahn  
Back Row: Mrs. Scobbie.  
Absent: L. Gillespie.

## *Reach For The Top*

This year's team, consisted of Nick Von Maltzahn, Laurie Gillespie, Robert Dawson, and Andrew Heard. There was little time for preparation before the taping. The team beat Cobequid Educational Centre and Coxheath, in Cape Breton quite easily. But the Queen Elizabeth team was sharp, ready and unfortunately, victorious. However, the team should do well next year after a good show this year.

David Murray



#### THE ART CLUB

Front Row: M. Helleiner, J. Schwartz, S. Hawkins, S. Gillis, E. Jannasch  
Second Row: Mrs. Peck, W. Forrestall, D. Murray, C. Grover, J. Szerb.

## *Art Club*

The Art Club was held on varying days after school. Not only did this provide time for personal projects but proved to be a greater asset: baby-sitting. The older students took charge of the Prep school students who had to stay after school because of a lack of rides home, etc., for a slight fee that was put toward our trip to New York. We could either work by ourselves or organize and create projects for the Prep school children. All in all it was a most rewarding experience.

Julie Schwartz





#### THE PHYSICS CLUB

Front Row: G. Youle, C. Pavlovski, C. Grover, J. Welch.

Second Row: Mr. Curtis, G. Gomery, C. Webster, C. Feetham.

## *Physics Club*

This year's physics club has been formed informally so that students who wished to participate only occasionally could do so. A number of projects have been started and hopefully they will be completed this year. A group of U6 students are building a one man hovercraft and it is hoped that it will be finished soon. Another group of students is building a small furnace which will be helpful in doing experiments involving high temperatures. A lot of the time has been spent by students doing small experiments.

Although this year there have been no formal meetings, it is encouraging to see the number of people turning up to do the experiments.

Mr. Curtis



#### UKULELE CLUB

Front Row: J. You, P. Kundzins, R. Sinclair, J. Guy, M. Burnell.

Second Row: B. McKee, W. Mealiea, I. Sneddon, I. Wood, S. Caines, C. Mitchell.

Third Row: K. Beckett, J. King, B. O'Halloran, N. Rees, P. Roscoe.

## *Ukulele*

We have ukulele classes every Wednesday, at 3:30 p.m.

Our class usually begins with Mrs. Roscoe giving orders as to who sets up the chairs and who stands the music stands up.

In our ukulele class, we usually start off by practicing our scales. Then we go to an exercise written in our music books. Next our teacher gives us a new song to play and to conclude. She gives us an exercise on paper which we must practise at home.

The ukulele was first played in Hawaii, and it's a very enjoyable instrument.

Ian Wood



## *Organizations And Programs*





Back Row: Mr. Montgomery, B. MacLean, D. Carver, C. Feetham, P. Hunt.  
 Front Row: G. Gomery, R. Quigley, C. Pavloski, A Heard.  
 Absent: L. Medjuck

#### THE STUDENT COUNCIL

This year the student council was confronted with marked apathy in the student body. In order to remedy this problem a solution was contrived which thus far has improved the situation. Basically the solution was to get as many students involved in student affairs as possible and the students working together would raise school spirit. So three committees were formed, each whose chairman was a member of the student council. The three committees were entertainment, finance and sports. At the beginning of the year, each class elected a member to serve on each committee. Therefore, each class was equally represented and many students were participating in student council affairs.

Every student council meeting (which is every two weeks) there is a report given by each chairman. The council asks the committee to organize a function so that committee meets, makes a plan and then reports it to the council to be approved or disapproved, thus saving many long hours of arguing small details. This method has proved successful as illustrated by their accomplishments. Perri Ernst chairs the Sports' Committee, Andrew Heard, Entertainment and Chris Pavlovski, finance.

The sports' committee has organized a complete leaders' program for the supervision of the gymnasium after school hours as well as the purchase and installation of four new basketball nets in the gymnasium. The finance and entertainment committees worked in conjunction with each other to bring the school the first dance in the gym with one of Halifax's top bands and a few record hops in the AVR. The finance committee alone organized the chocolate bar sale which helped finance the large dance. The entertainment committee alone organized the winter carnival which was different from any of those given previously.

For the future, only one more large dance in the gymnasium is planned as well as the graduation dance in May. The council wishes to take this opportunity to extend thanks to Mr. P. H. Montgomery, staff advisor, whose past experience and original ideas combined with Mr. C. Grimson. Cooperation has made this Student Council the school's best.

Robert Quigley  
 STUDENT COUNCIL PRESIDENT.





#### THE FINANCE COMMITTEE

Front Row: C. Schandl, C. Pavlovski, H. Conter  
 Second Row: J. Cuperfain, A. Porter, R. Hirsch.



#### THE ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE

Front Row: K. Gordon, A. Heard, W. Forrestall.  
 Second Row: M. Honig, J. Aquino, J. Webster.



#### SPORTS' COMMITTEE

Back Row: J. Badley, D. Linton  
 Front Row: B. MacLean, S. Hawkins, N. von Maltzahn







#### SENIOR ORCHESTRA

Back Row: M. Honig, D. Murray

Front Row: J. Thompson, M. Helleiner, S. Murray

## *The Halifax Orchestra*

The Halifax City Schools Senior Orchestra meets twice a week, Tuesday and Thursday, after school. The orchestra has been expanded in the string division, making a total of about 80 members. Several types of music are played from Handel to Schubert to orchestral arrangements of modern music. There has been a fair amount of concertizing in the past year. The orchestra travels in Nova Scotia to places such as Sydney, Yarmouth, Windsor and Port Hastings. There is a campaign in progress to raise money so the orchestra can go to Edmonton, Alberta, in early April. The orchestra will represent Nova Scotia at the Canadian Music Educators Association Convention. I am certain they will make a favorable impression.

David Murray



LIBRARIANS

Back Row: Mrs. Scobbie  
Middle Row: R. Hirsch, T. Dickey  
Front Row: J. Welch, V. Cunningham

## *The Libraries*

This year, the libraries have concentrated on development and increased utilization of their facilities. The language Lab for instance, has seen a lot of (successful) use this year. The Lower School Library, finally compressed into one room, has been decorated with children's posters and models which inspire a cheerful, pleasant atmosphere, a big change from last year's chaos.

The libraries have been operating on a very small budget this year, due to fewer fines for overdue books, last year's record-breaking number and a large cut in the allotment of money from the school, however, the possibilities of obtaining special grants, etc., are still being explored. Many useful donations of books have been received and those who have contributed deserve a vote of thanks.

Abuse of the libraries has been declining somewhat, although it is far from perfect. Littering, book stealing, wall scribbling and generally poor treatment of the audio visual equipment and books continue to be major problems. In closing, I would like to note that there are a lot of empty spaces on the shelves, which would do well to be filled with books. Come on! It's YOUR library! Support it!!

Jonathon Welch





#### LEADERS' PROGRAM

Back Row: P. Ernst, D. Linton, K. Gordon, J. Badley, C. Jacobson, G. Gomery  
Front Row: R. Cuperfain, S. Hawkins, N. von Maltzahn, H. Conter

## *Leaders' Program*

The leaders' program organized to run the gymnasium program is open to all students (except P1 and P2). The gym was open to students in the upper school Friday nights from 6:30-9:00 and Saturday afternoons from 2:30-5:00 and also Saturday afternoons from 1:00-2:30, for students in Prep III-VI. Leaders had to follow and enforce specified rules and to organize different activities. The leaders' program is headed by the sports' committee (under the Student Council) which have representatives from each class in the upper school: U6, Perri Ernst; U5, Nick Von Maltzahn; U4, Sean Hawkins; U3, Bruce MacLean; U2, David Linton; and U1, Lynda Medjuck. Our staff advisor is Ron Naud.

Perri Ernst

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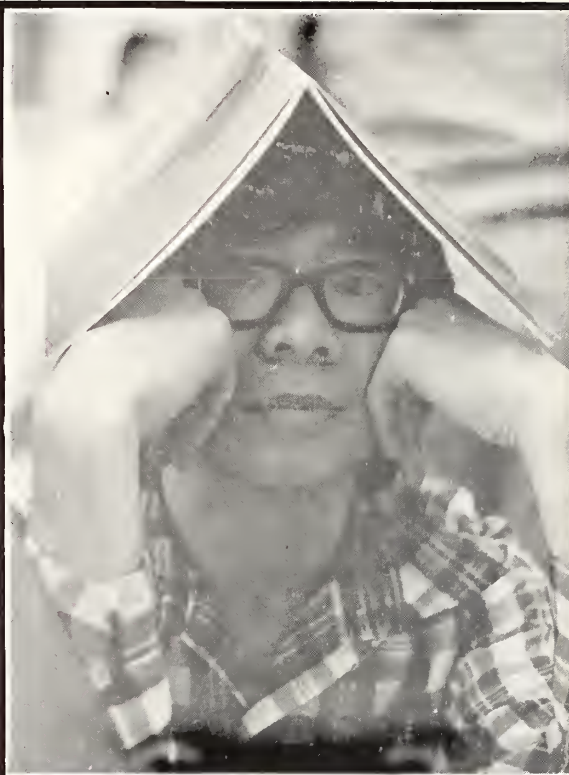
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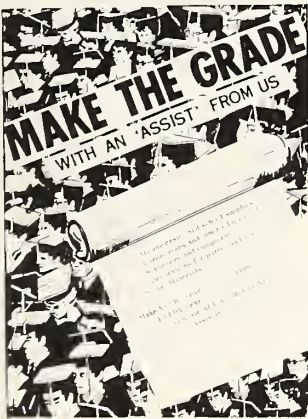
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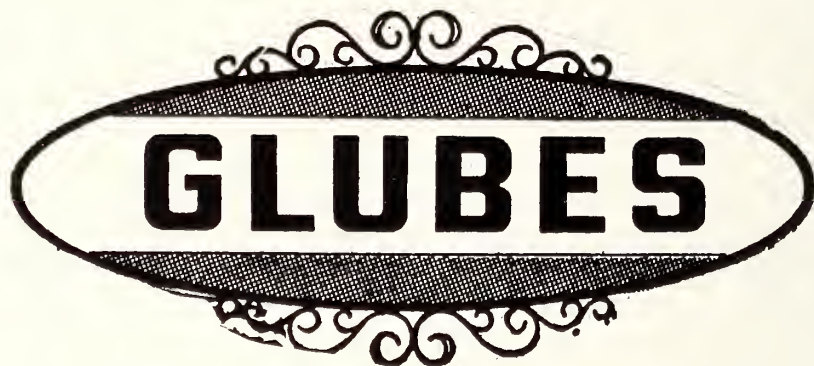
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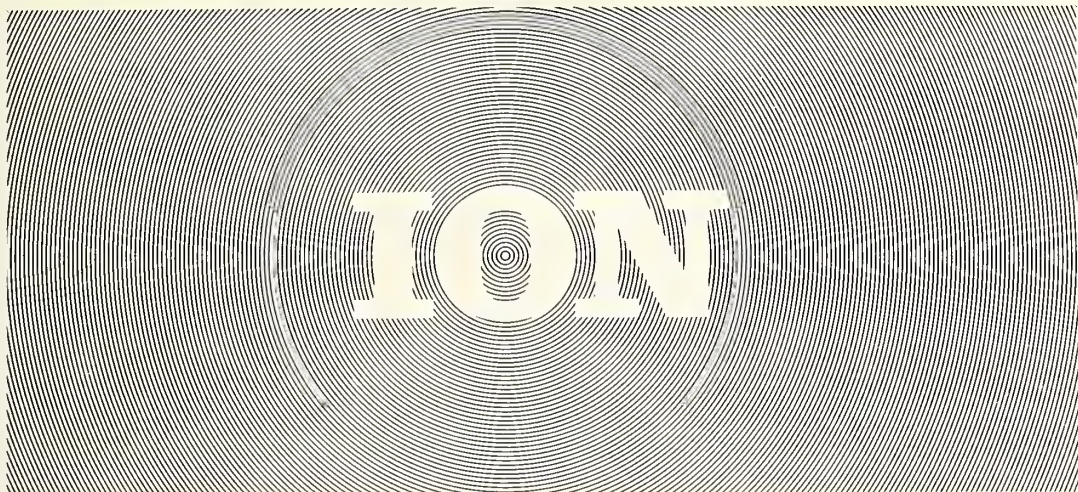
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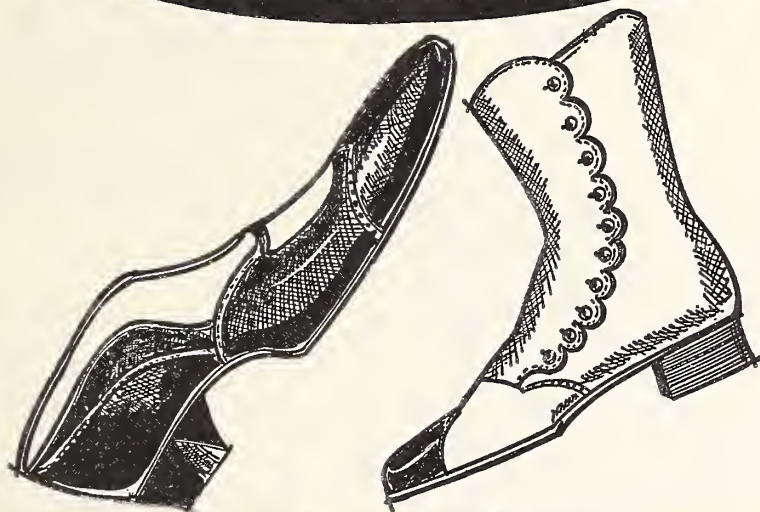


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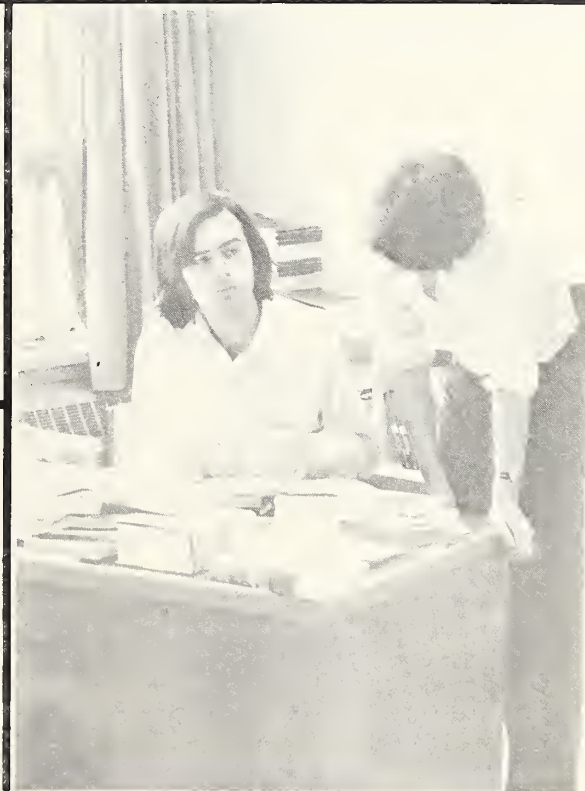
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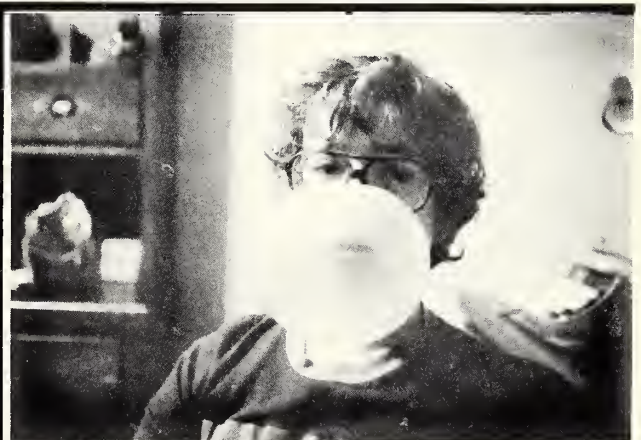
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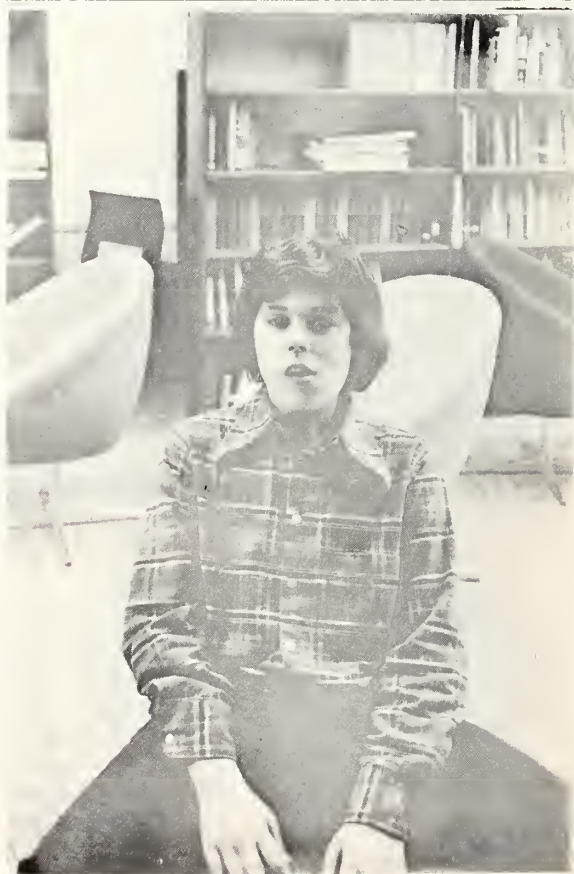


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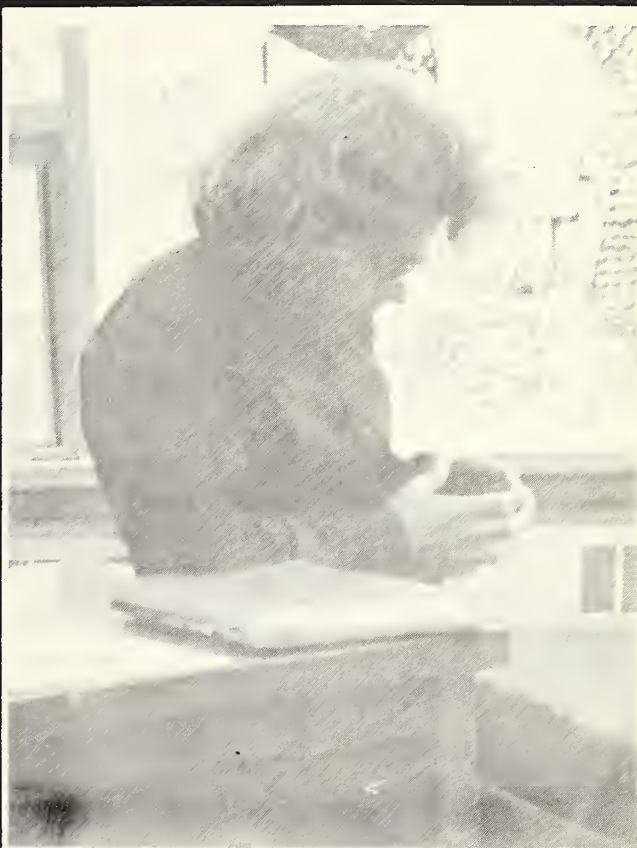


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